

PHIZZOGS

Volume XLVII

Carl Sandburg College
2400 Tom L. Wilson Drive
Galesburg, IL 61401

Phizzogs 2020 honors the following writers and artists:

Poetry: José Luis Suarez, *Lost in Translation* (19)

Poetry: Grace Robbins, *Genderless* (8-9)

Prose—Nonfiction: Erin Glisan, *Does 'Women's Appreciation' Cross a Line?* (64-65)

Ceramics: Heather Hoadley, *Fish* (108)

Ceramics: Heather Hoadley, *Confusion* (17)

Sculpture—Found Objects: Dakota McDorman, *Progress & Technology* (92)

Painting: Brandy Lowry, *Wacky World* (29)

Mixed Media: Lanette Cravotta, *Tom* (13)

Drawing: Grace Gilbertson, *Little Royal* (63)

Photography: Raina Fuller, *Navy Pier* (30)

Cover Art: Ethan Duke, *Untitled*

A Letter from the Advisor

When a Pandemic Hits During Production

“The best laid schemes of mice and men/Go oft awry.”

— Robert Burns

What you will find filling the pages of this year’s magazine: beautiful and thought-provoking images, and humorous, insightful, and challenging words about gender, language, philosophy, broken down cars, and cats—seriously, a lot of cats.



Leaving my office on March 12th.
We would have to figure out how
to finish the magazine from home.

What you will not find (except right here): any mention of the 2020 pandemic.

The staff had already accepted and sorted through all submissions before the pandemic hit, so it is not a topic featured in this issue, which, in some ways, seems odd because Covid-19 definitely became the overriding, all-consuming, life-changing topic of the school year. While mention of the pandemic may not be found in the content, its presence was certainly felt during the magazine’s completion.

As I worked on putting together *Phizzzogs* 2020 over spring break, it appeared we were in good shape when it came to hitting our deadline. When the pandemic hit, and the school’s building was closed and teaching moved online, we had to figure out a way to finish the magazine. We managed to make it work thanks to help from and many conversations with Barb Coleman in printing, Cindy Arthur and the FTLC, Lisa Walker, and Bill Gaither and MPR (Marketing and Public Relations), not to mention a terrific student staff willing to proofread and do whatever they could do from home.

While it may seem strange, in some ways, that there is no mention of shelter-in-place or the coronavirus in the 2020 issue, I appreciate having these pages filled with the ideas, hopes, dreams, fears, and anxieties of “regular,” pre-pandemic life. They remind us of who we were, as a Sandburg community, before the pandemic hit, and who we still are, even in the middle of it. We will surely be changed, but these works help us see pieces of our humanity that will remain, whatever the future; they provide us a glimpse of something essential, shining a light and reminding us of who we will always be.

Sharon Trotter-Martin

Phizzzogs Faculty Advisor

Do you want to be a part of Phizzogs?

Students who would like to be a part of next year's staff should enroll in English 141: College Literary Magazine. Students gain experience in selecting pieces of writing and artwork for a literary magazine, PR and marketing, and composing, design, and layout.



PHIZZOGS 2020 Staff

Back row (l-r): Jacob Johnson, Kaitlyn Siebken, Kaitlyn Pleshko, Ryan Bowman, and Student Editor Dominic Godsil. Front: Sharon Trotter-Martin, Katie Westfall, and Alison Bundza.



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The College will direct individuals to resources for English language proficiency so that the lack of English proficiency will not be a barrier to future employment, admissions and participation in CTE programs. Career and technical education courses/program offerings and admission criteria are on our web site, www.sandburg.edu, or by calling 309.341.5234. Title IX Coordinator Rick Eddy, 309.341.5234; ADA/Section 504 Coordinators: Jacob Runge, 309.341.5262 and Tony Day, 309.341.5265.

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* **Denotes Award Winner**

Phizzog

Carl Sandburg

This face you got,
This here phizzog you carry around,
You never picked it out for yourself
at all, at all—did you?
This here phizzog—somebody handed it
to you—am I right?
Somebody said, “Here’s yours, now go see
what you can do with it.”
Somebody slipped it to you and it was like
a package marked:
“No goods exchanged after being taken away”—
This face you got.



It's Me/Julia Smith

Genderless

Grace Robbins

When I was young, I never thought about gender,
I was Grace, and I was happy with that.

Then I got older and I was forced into a narrow coffin,
I was told I had to act like a girl because I was a girl.

I never felt comfortable in this new role thrust upon me; it didn't fit, I was told that
feeling out of place in your own body was a delusion. What my brain was trying so
desperately to tell me was false.

I wanted to find Grace again.

I came across the term non-binary, which was a gender that was neither male nor female.

I pondered this; it felt natural, comfortable.

The problem was how do I change my whole identity?

And more importantly, will my mom still love me?

I told my best friend about what I knew in my heart. I was non-binary, but fear was
keeping me from embracing myself.

He looked at me and told me, who cares? You can't live your life the way someone else
wants you to. He then said he would start using they/them pronouns

The first time he used them it was like my world lit up and for the first time in a very
long while I felt like myself,

I was Grace again.



Black & White Legs/Alison Bundza



Self 2/Joshua Hinkle



Self I/Joshua Hinkle

If I Were Young Again

Kaitlyn Pleshko

I'd be calmer

I'd know what to do

So many regrets I could wipe away

But would I want to?

Could I really change my life?

While knowing it would change me, too?

Is sparing them the pain

Worth what they'll lose?

A new person?

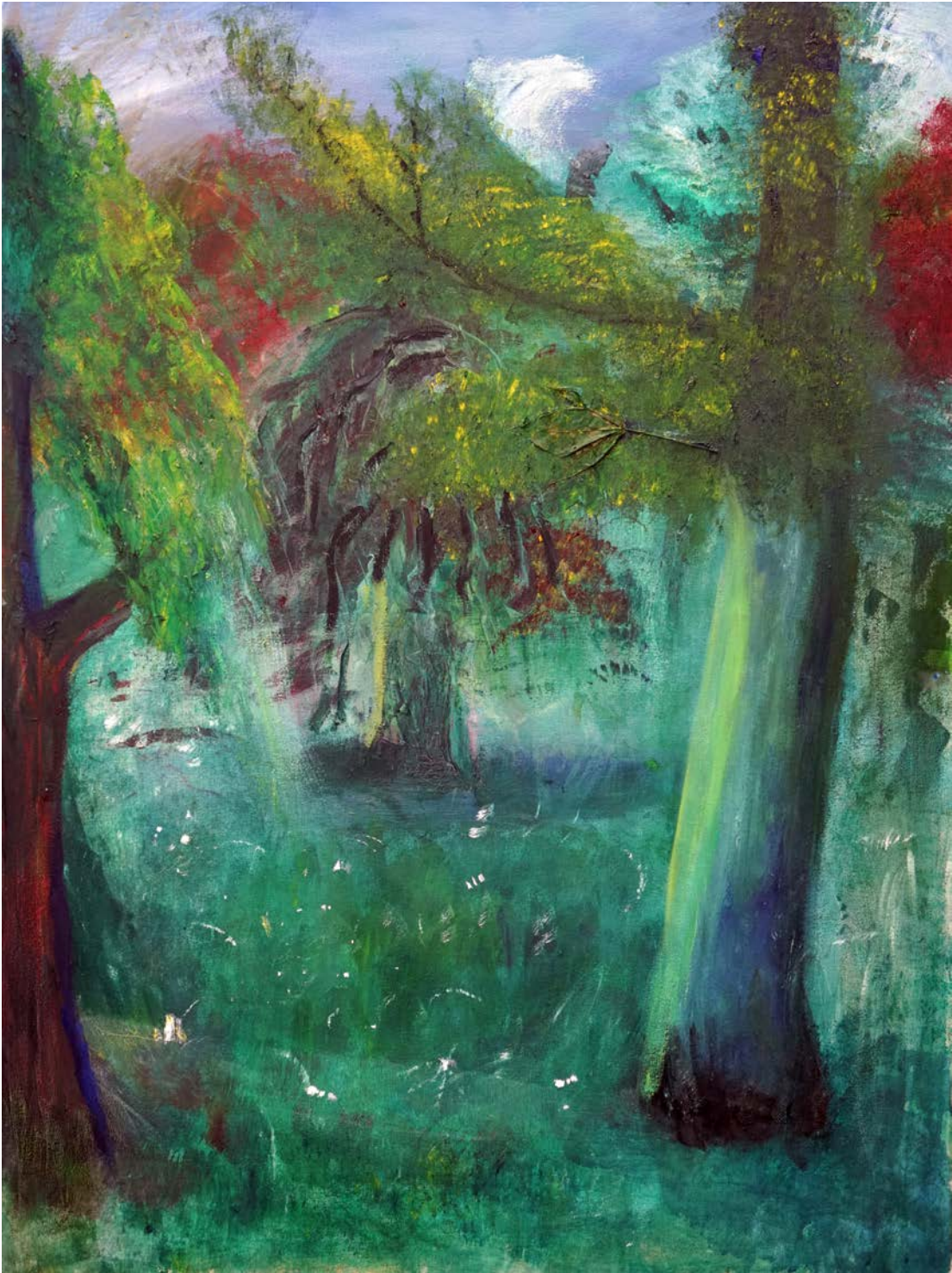
Which stings less?

Me as I am now?

Or me as I could have been?



Tom/Lanette Cravotta



Abstract Park/Lanette Cravotta

A Witch

Kaitlyn Siebken

I am not a witch.

I am not a witch! I scream, I cry, I plead

No one listens

They say they follow God, that they do this for God. In His name. The anger in their eyes burns from hell. No matter what I say or proof I try to give.

I will swing

The fear is worse than the drop. I'm one of the lucky ones. It ends in a quick snap. No waiting for the end gasping like a fish on a line as people cheer.

Is there a heaven? Is there a hell?

I don't know.

After the snap there was darkness, and then a voice. A voice as sweet as a summer rain.

"Would you like to come back?"

"Yes."

My body is stiff, and I have to stretch every day. The pop and grind of my joints are freeing, a beautiful reminder. Tree roots weave through my spine, fixing what the rope broke. When I'm happy, flowers bloom.

There are so many flowers.

And Sally, whose voice is as sweet as a summer rain, braids them through my hair. People come from miles around to buy her potions and salves. There are no screams for death. Only smiles of gratitude.

Our cottage is filled with laughter as she teaches me what to put in a boiling pot. A fat cat lays in a sun beam and never stops purring.

We are witches.

I am a witch.

PHI 100: Introduction to Philosophy

Part B. Long Essay, #4

May 9, 2019

Everything is Absurd; and Nothing Is

Shamus McElhiney

An often cited definition for insanity is given as: repeating the same actions and expecting different results. What then of repeating the same actions and expecting the same results; Thomas Nagel would call that absurd: “Most people feel on occasion that life is absurd, and some feel it vividly and continuously” (Perry 755). The million years hence argument, nothing we do now will matter in a million ears and nothing a million years from now matters today, is a hollow and superfluous argument of a circular nature. Nagel addresses this failure, “standard arguments for absurdity [...] fail as arguments. Yet I believe they attempt to express something that is difficult to state, but fundamentally correct” (Perry 756).

A particularly good definition of absurdity is given as follows: “In ordinary life a situation is absurd when it includes a conspicuous discrepancy between pretension or aspiration and reality” (Perry 756). To restate, absurdity arises when our wants are at odds with our actions. The starkest example of this is the way in which people place so much importance on the things they do considering the fact that most of the things people do are of no importance at all. This is the absurdity of life. It is the most important thing and yet it means almost nothing in and of itself.

The exemplar of the absurd is Sisyphus. Condemned to roll a boulder to the top of a hill just to watch it return to the plain below for all of eternity, Sisyphus becomes the absurd hero in that he embraces his punishment with joy, putting his shoulder to the stone and pushing with a smile on his face. He has converted his punishment, the task of pointless repetition, to his purpose, that which gives his life meaning. What do we learn from Sisyphus? Embrace the absurdity and live life ironically?

Works Cited

Perry, John, Michael Bratman, and John M. Fischer, editors. Introduction to Philosophy: Classical and Contemporary Readings, 6th ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 2013.



Confusion/Heather Hoadley



One Soul/Joshua Hinkle

Lost in Translation

José Suarez

Cómo te digo,

How do I tell you,

Que tú eres lo más bello eh visto,

That you are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen,

Que me gusta el rosar de piel sobre la mía,

That I like how your skin feels next to mine,

Que quiero ser tu presente, tu ayer, y despertar a tú lado cada mañana,

That I want to be your present, your yesterday, and wake up every morning at your side,

Pero no es lo mismo en Ingles.

But it's not the same in English.

Moonless

Jake Johnson

What the hell is wrong with me?

Callous and cold

That's what I've been told

I've loved and lied

Been high and fried

And every failed connection makes me wish I'd died

I can't love anymore

Is how I feel tonight

All this empty anguish is a bore

I note, as I hide from the light

I take a beating every time I stop to think

I take a beating every time I take a drink

A shadow

A ghost

A narrow, bleeding host

To spirits of despair

And no matter what

Or who

Or where

When the fight is done

No one was ever even there



The Light and the Darkness/Julia Smith



Untitled/Steph Fox

Dark Flower Red Flower

Kaitlyn Pleshko

A flower grew inside me
Dead and withering
Pressing into the inside of my skin
Filling every spot that was supposed to be mine
The imprint of it can be seen on my skin, if you'll look
The ridges keep me awake as I run my fingers over them
Other times they lull me to sleep
The heavy silence the flower sings to me is quiet
Sometimes I think I don't hear it
That my ears are playing tricks
That they want something to excuse my inability to move
But then the flower makes its presence known
Screams in my head as vines twist
They fight with one another
Vicious and angry as they draw my blood
Tearing apart the flesh inside my body
My heart mulled
My lungs shredded
My ribs are turned to dust coating the pulsing red lungs that struggle to keep breathing
I cannot feel it
Except sometimes, it hits me
I feel every piece of my body at war with the parasites that have taken unsolicited root
It is pounding in my head
Another flower, this one bright and vibrant red
Violent in its desire to watch me shrivel into a puddle of dread
It pulses in my head
Pushing against my skull as it fights to kill me the only way it knows how
And my vision goes dark for a breath
My balance vanishes for a moment
And my skull fractures as the roots of the red flower break through
Bone shoved aside by the green that should have stayed locked in my head
Blood a crown on my head as it burns in my eyes
But I have no tears to cry
The dark flower took them all
We are not the same
But we are so close it's hard to tell the difference



Mouse on Cheese/Mollie Clark



Untitled/Logan Kness



Lilly Life/Colene Davis

Flowers

Grace Robbins

Her favorite flowers are lilies. My mom scolded me for picking flowers from her garden, but I know that Emily, the girl with hair like sunflowers, would love the different colored lilies. I give her the flowers as she plays in the sandbox; her lips part into a toothy grin.

Her favorite flowers are lilies. She stands in a blue prom dress, her slender hand held out as I put the corsage of lilies around her wrist. Her mom ushers us closer for pictures. As she smiles, one thought crosses my mind, *I'm in love.*

Her favorite flowers are lilies. She looks radiant as she walks down the aisle, a bouquet of lilies in her hands: Emily Noelle is about to become Mrs. Emily Robertson. I could not be happier.

Her favorite flowers are lilies. My wife is surrounded by arrangements; she would have been tickled. As the priest does his sermon about how we walk in the shadow of death, I cry into my dad's shoulder. All I want is to hold her one more time.



Dark Mine Shaft/Nic Napier

Shadows

Kaitlyn Siebken

You're always being watched. It doesn't matter where you are, or what you're doing; something is always there. Watching. Always watching. Everywhere. Why are they everywhere?

Breathe, don't forget to breathe.

I say "something" because there's nothing human about it. And it's not God. You should just get that shit out of your head right now.

The things that watch can be small, eyes looking out of the wall socket where you sometimes plug in your phone. In drains, around corners. Sitting on our highest shelves where our hands never venture. Weaving through the branches outside your window. Waiting. What are they waiting for? They've been waiting so long.

Breathe, don't forget to breathe.

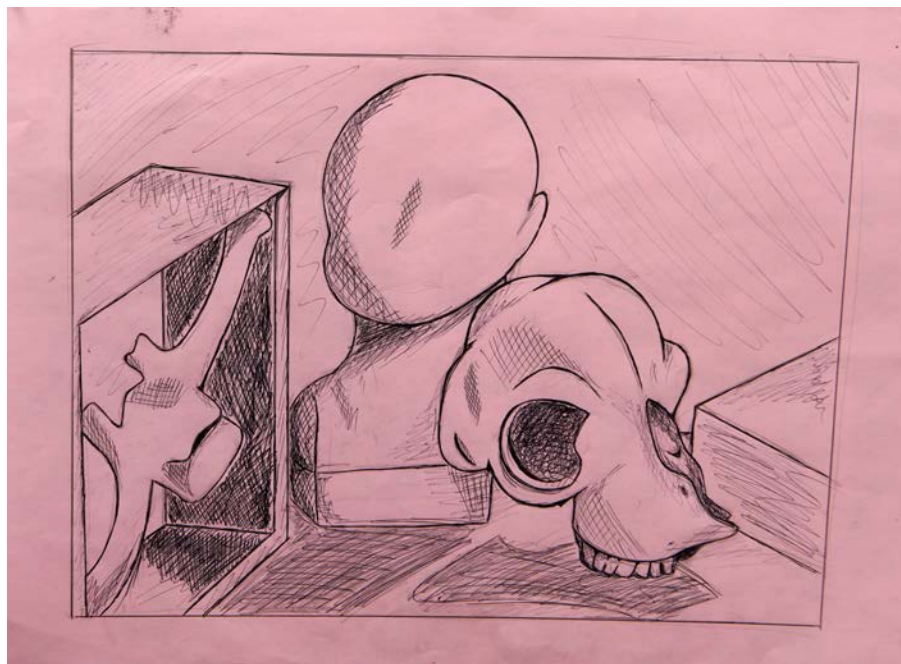
They've been there your whole life. Taunting you. Sitting just at the edge of your vision. When you were younger and were less afraid, it was almost a game trying to catch a glimpse. Seeing how fast you could spin. When did that game stop? When did the fear creep in like ice flooding your body. Is it fear? Is it them? It is both? Making you shake and sweat. Don't look! Don't look! Don't look! Don't look!

Breathe, don't forget to breathe.

They're coming!

The shadows are closing in. I sit in an empty room. A bare bright light bulb my only friend. They're here! Ice cold at my back, I feel them. Don't look. When did that ice turn into fingers? Knotting themselves in your clothes and hair.

Breathe, don't forget to



Still Life/Alison Bundza



Wacky World/Brandy Lowry



Navy Pier/Raina Fuller

Justin

Kailin Cutliff

Ring pops and recess
Proposals on the playground
Ripped out pieces of notebook paper
Secret notes tucked away into skirt pockets
An ink pen dotting the i's and crossing the t's
Letters slipped through the top bars of a locker
Sweaty hands and nervous chuckles
First dates and first times
Moonlight encasing them in their glow
Promises whispered in the dark for no one else to hear
"Will you marry me?" turns into "I do's!"
Kisses pressed to hands, cheeks, and finally lips
A beach vacation, a secret getaway
The honeymoon phase has just begun
An absent-minded stroke of a hand
Furtive glances passed back and forth
Whispered sweet nothings - - -
Harsh words screamed in the dead of night
Intertwined hands become firm grips
Tender touches turn to raised hands
Forever more a racing heart and sweaty palms
The honeymoon phase is done
An overwhelming love somehow becomes her greatest fear
The end approached before her story had even really begun
Her heart torn from her sleeve and ripped to shreds
Then sewed back together with false apologies dripping from his honey lips
But honey comes from bees, and bees sting bad
She saw it for herself every time she made him mad
Or jealous or upset or everything in between
How could the kindest boy she knew turn out to be so mean?
She grew numb to the yelling, the fighting, the wars
They were battles she could never win only leaving her sore
Love was supposed to be beautiful and magical and kind
But love only destroys as she had come to find.



Carnival of Rust [Cover for the Poets of the Fall album of the same title]/Dakota

One of Six

Grace Gilbertson

Focusing is

 tiring
but even more so
when we all gather together,
laid out on
 elderly upholster
and slumped against
 dark oak desks.

Studying is forgotten amidst
 jovial conversations
tossed over my head.

Laughter is

 loud and jarring,
dancing behind
 kind dark eyes.
His arms are pale
and flecked with
 red, yellow, and blue paints.

Hands the color of

 fine mahogany
obnoxiously flip through a
 medical journal,
desperate for answers to a test
not yet taken,
her fingers finding a home in
 dark locks of hair.

The fumbling fool flails his hands

 wildly,
a contrived scheme concocted by
 thin lips.
I cannot remember the
last time he had
 a good idea.

The lithe form in grey tweed,
 the hard-hearted,

has not smiled all night.
She rarely spares a
 soft word,
wing-tipped oxfords perched
 gracefully
upon the bottom of wooden railing.
Her air is smug,
 withholding.

But within this group there are
 golden dandelions.
His head is bowed over a book,
fair hair fanning around
 silver frames,
the same color as the
 small star
which hangs on a chain below
 slender collar bones.

He looks up at me
through the clamor of our friends
and smiles,

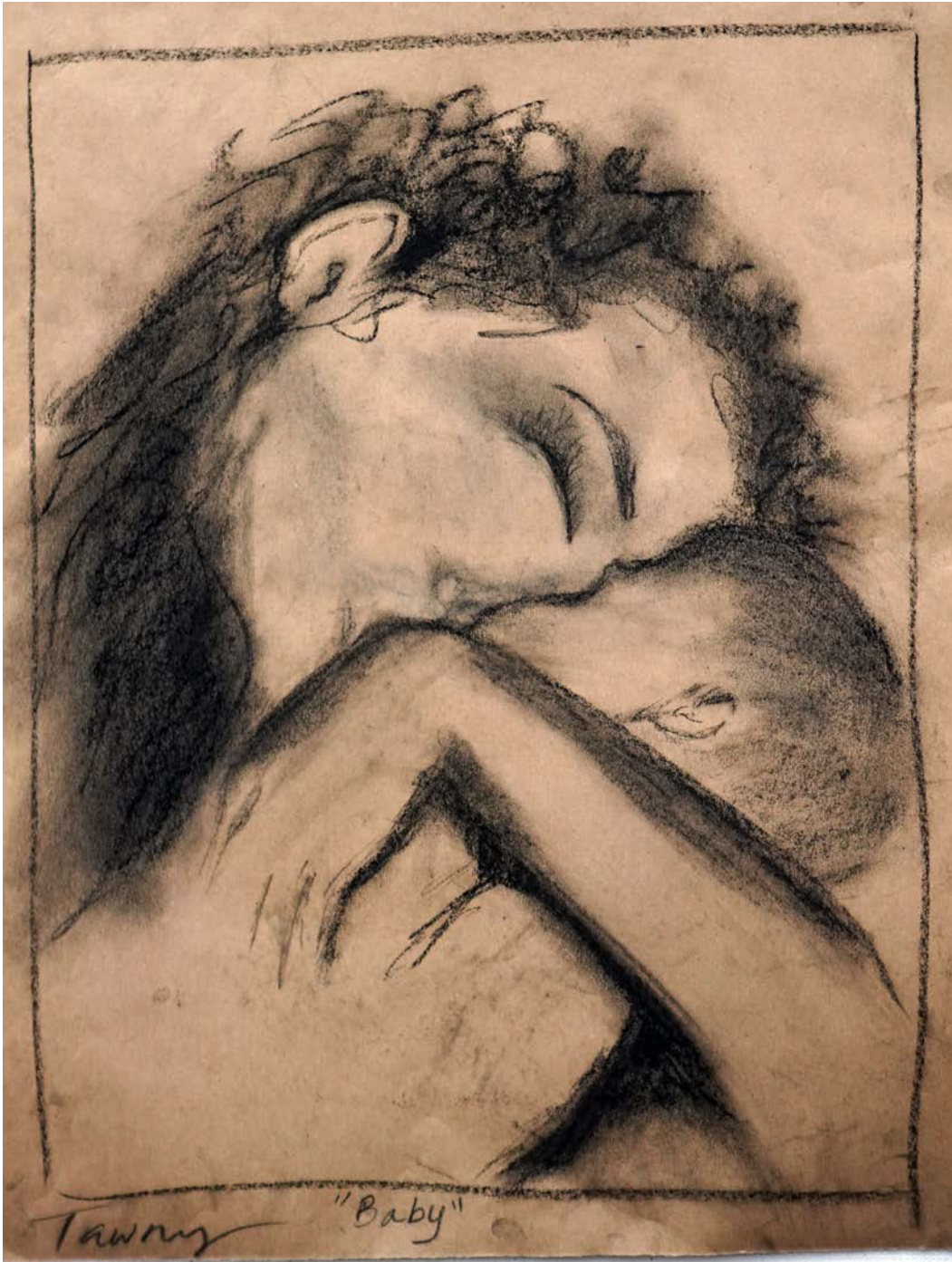
 sweet, saccharine.
And in him, I find no flaws.



Reap Sow/Grace Gilbertson



Lackluster/Grace Gilbertson



Baby/Tawny Patrick

Psychic Storms

Vicki McMullin

It comes like a storm
As if from out of nowhere
Cyclonic, tornadic
Swirling around and around
Whispering illogical repetitive rantings.
Like a recurring nightmare
A psychic storm
With gale force winds
Sheering everything positive in its course.
Cutting a path of destruction,
Creating havoc
Stealing peace
Annihilating happiness.
On and on as it goes
Leaving behind its negative remains
Destruction of a loving and kind reality.
A self-destructive windstorm.
'Tis panic, anxiety and fear.



Soldier Unknown/Joshua Hinkle



Fever Dream/Dominic Godsil

Dom, You are the Bomb

Olivia Bishop

Dom, you are the bomb

The splom.com

The date to my prom

The pom to my pom

Dom, you are the boom to my bomb

The sit to my com

The number to my psalm

The dad to my mom



Zo-Zo—Ver. 2/Jane Breslin



Mackinac Island Door/Keith Williams

Immunity

Kaitlyn Siebken

The soft yellow lights cast a surreal glow from the floor of the walkway. Izza shivered, wishing she had grabbed a sweater from the classroom closet or changed into a pair of pants instead of her spring uniform shorts. She didn't realize it would be this cold. Hadn't thought about how the bright mid-afternoon sun could no longer reach the glass roof through the towering skyscrapers. And of course, how the heat wouldn't be turned on because no one came down here anymore. No one but the cleaning bots Izza noticed as she scuffed her white shoe against the shiny tiled path. Pausing in her walk, she looked around, trying to see if she was near her goal. But that was pointless. Everything looked the same. The shops that once lined the walkway were long closed, leaving nothing but rectangular caves. All the same grey color. Reaching into her pocket, Izza pulled out the edges of her work screen and ignored the feeling that she should have planned better.

There had been plenty of time. A whole month of staring at that space of green between two skyscrapers across from her 7th grade classroom. It contrasted sharply next to the gleaming silver, black, and white architecture. She couldn't explain how she had never noticed it before, but once she had she couldn't stop. Not even when her teacher yelled at her for not paying attention, or when her classmates laughed and made fun of her, calling her weird or stupid. She could have planned, but today was the day she got tired of being told off for asking silly questions. Today the green looked better than home.

The screen glowed blue between its edges, showing a map revealing how close she was to her destination. Smiling, she snapped the work screen back together and shoved them into her back pocket before walking to the empty shop on her right. A back door was easy to find with the bright red exit sign still functioning. She never understood why everything had to be kept so perfect. The walkways were built when the population grew out of hand and cities spread to interconnect, but they hadn't been used in years. They were abandoned when the world was built up. Why keep something that wasn't needed?

Normally, Izza would have grumbled over that question, but now it allowed her to get where she needed to go. The cold metal handle turned with ease and Izza was somewhat disappointed that it wasn't locked. She had almost hoped to use the lock-hacking skills she had learned a few months ago. But getting into her father's study to poke around one weekend had taken hours and now wasn't the time to frown on good luck. Pulling on the handle she was blinded by the sudden light. Once the sting went away, she slowly opened her eyes and there it was, nearly a half mile away, one of the last natural forests in the country.

If it could even be considered that.

In Izza's books, forests were described as stretching for hundreds of miles. This patch of land barely spread over five with a ring of overgrown grass around it like a barrier. The skyscrapers surrounding the area had even been built with no windows facing it. Just one more way to separate the people from a place that was called a blight on the technological age. Fortunately, it was considered taboo to destroy it, not that anyone would go near it if they could. Another thing Izza didn't understand.

The heat from the sun warmed her scalp and sent a rush of energy radiating through her spine. The muscles in her calves started to tighten and vibrate, and Izza found herself running through the tall grass.

The itching sensation it caused on her bare skin was new and unpleasant but easily ignored. She focused only on what was in front of her.

Trees.

She had seen them once before, raced toward them before, when her class had gone on a field trip to an Air Production Scraper. She had almost cried. Trees, trees, trees! Row after linear row of trees. Bright bold greens in shades that she could never name, browns that shifted from dark to light never quite duplicated. Trees.



Plant/Raina Fuller

The most beautiful things in the world. She had wanted to touch one, to climb one, to be as close as possible. "Where are you going!" A classmate had called after her as she shot away from the group. She never responded, too focused on the powerful desire pushing her forward. When she reached the glass barriers she tried to scramble over, but her shoes and fingers couldn't find anything to gain traction.

"What do you think you're doing?" Mrs. Graham's yell was followed by a firm grip around Izza's arm that ripped her away from the now smudged glass. The rest of that trip she had spent being forced to hold her teacher's hand.

Out of breath, she reached the tree line and bent to grab her knees; she hated running. As she tried to get more air in her lungs, Izza saw a slab of stone tangled in the roots in front of her. Reaching down, she traced a finger over the dips in the stone, wondering whose name had once been carved there. Slowly, as if in a trance, she moved her fingers up the roots to rest her hand against the rough bark. Even though it was cool from spending its days shadowed under wide branches, she could almost imagine a warmth tingling through her palm as she thought of the person who had made it.

These trees had been grown using burial pods. A process that when someone died, they were placed in a cocoon and buried in the ground where they would give nutrients to a tree. It had once been so popular that small forests like this one were created. Now cremation was the only option after death. It didn't take up space.

Izza patted the bark, remembering the ghost stories about how the people who helped grow the trees eventually became the trees. Ignoring the goosebumps on her arms, she looked deeper into the forest. Without a second thought about why it existed

or the rumours around it, she started walking. It was easy to reach out and touch each tree she passed as if greeting an old friend.

There were no barriers here.

A speck of color caught her attention that was not green or brown. Upon examination, Izza found her first flower. Petting the soft purple petals, she inhaled, trying to catch any smell that could come from it. She tried to focus on the slightly sweet scent that wafted from the flower, but her nose caught something she wasn't expecting. Standing Izza began taking deep breaths. How had she not immediately noticed the smell? Closing her eyes she couldn't find a hint of the sharp, stinging sterilization that usually coated her world. With her eyes closed she also noticed there was no hum of machinery surrounding her. It was quiet, so quiet. Only the sound of creaking branches.

Was it wind? Should there be any wind here? As Izza wondered if wind could reach through the surrounding buildings, the back of her neck prickled. Was someone watching her? Snapping her eyes open and spinning around she was ready to be yelled at. But instead of a person bearing down on her, there was only a tree.

"Of course, it's just a tree," she said aloud while reaching out to touch it. "I'm the only one out here." After reassuring herself, Izza decided to move on, but she couldn't shake the feeling that the tree hadn't been there before.

Continuing through the forest, she now focused on completing her dream of climbing a tree. It was an odd fantasy, this compulsion to climb, considering she had lived her life far above the ground. But in a tree, there was no glass, no barriers. Just you and the wood beneath your fingers. If only she could find one that had branches low enough!

The search took so long that Izza considered for a moment if she should turn back. She wondered if her parents would worry about her getting home so late. That thought caused her to snort back a laugh. When had they ever worried about her? Her mother would be out socializing until late while her father went to his study after work and didn't leave it until he went to bed. She would see them in the morning at breakfast and hear all about how mother heard this and that from whoever she had been with, and her father would nod like he was listening but really he would be thinking only about work. Izza might get asked about school, but all she ever said was "fine" and then her mother would go off on another topic. They would never know she had an adventure. And that was fine.

Izza was uncomfortably hot by the time she found a tree with branches she could reach. It towered at the edge of a clearing filled with little white flowers and soft looking grass. Her limbs became heavy and she gave herself a small promise that after her climb she would lay down, just for a little bit.

At the base of the tree a stone marker jugged from the ground. Using this, Izza pushed herself up to get a better hold of the lowest branch. Ignoring the sting in her palms from the rough bark, she scrambled up until she could sit and examine where to move next. After that initial effort it seemed simple to go from branch to branch as if the wood was moving into her grip and helping her with the climb. Up and up she went, each branch a victory. The leaves tickled her face and arms. The sun speckled through

like freckles across her skin. It was perfect, everything Izza had wanted. She could stay up here forever, but a weight was forming on her chest.

Why was it getting hard to breathe? She felt as if her lungs wouldn't expand and they burned. And it was hot. So hot.

Why was she so hot? Why was she so heavy?

The knowledge that something was wrong drifted slowly, thickly across her mind. She needed to get down.

She soon learned that going down was harder than going up. Finding a place for her feet by feel alone was almost impossible. It felt like an eternity to find each branch. She lowered herself with shaking arms. She took a break, leaning her head onto the cool bark. It was so tempting to close her eyes and stay there. Maybe sit down on a big branch just to catch her breath. Take a little nap. But she knew that wasn't a good idea, and she had to be close to the ground by now. Straightening herself she glanced down and almost cried. The soft grass with the little flowers swayed beneath countless branches. She still had so far to go. Again, she promised herself that she would lay down in that soft grass.

With a new determination, she reached down with her foot when a cough suddenly ripped through her chest. Specks of light danced across her vision. For a moment there was only those beautiful sparkles until her hip slammed into a branch.

She was falling.

A scream tried to fly past her lips but formed into more rib shaking coughs. She smacked into every branch as if they were purposefully getting in her way, until she hit the ground with a loud crack.

A rattle came from her throat as her lungs tried to pull in air. Her vision blurred in and out. Pain filled every part of her. She tried to think but there was nothing. Nothing but the burning in her chest. The odd metallic taste in her mouth. The screaming from her bones. Her legs didn't seem to exist anymore. Everything was going black when Izza's hand twitched and for a moment there was something besides the pain. The grass was very soft.

The trees shuddered as if a wind blew through them, but there hadn't been wind here in a long time. There were no visitors either. Until today. One of the trees reached its branches over the girl who had fallen at its roots. Gently it nudged her, but somehow it knew that it was pointless. If only it was able to move faster. It had been easy to help when she had been climbing. Simple shifts to guide her up. But the fall was fast, and the tree was not.

With slow movements, it rolled the girl off of the stone that had her back arching so extremely. It didn't stop until she rested in the clearing, in full view of the sun. Its leaves brushed her cheeks moving away her hair, something it may have done to someone before, but that was part of a barely remembered lifetime. When it felt satisfied, it shook above her until several seeds fell past her red rimmed lips. Pulling itself back to its full height, it felt the approval from the others. The only thing left to do was wait.



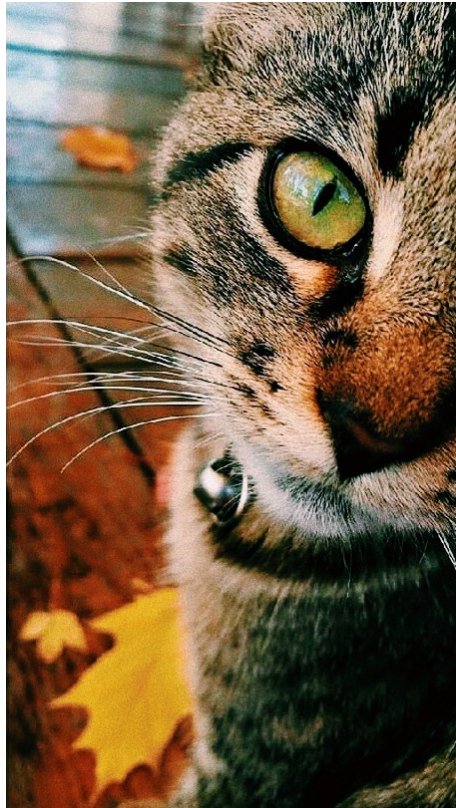
Abstract 54/Lanette Cravotta



Abstract 55/Lanette Cravotta



Water/Raina Fuller
Neighborhood Cat/Raina Fuller



Haunting Effete

Kaitlyn Pleshko

The heavens call down to me
Pretend I care what they have to say
I carry on about my day
Whispering to my ear
It's the only way to be free

The depths of the earth claw at my feet
Whisper I should follow them down
Bid me wear Lytta's gown
I visit where they dwell and find only their fear
They find my refusal bittersweet

The earth around me mutters its victory
Encourages me to follow some other sound
Go somewhere where something other than peace is found
Her hatred for me is clear
My decision to stay causes her the feared injury

My thoughts tear into my head
Whispers of the stars and the space in between
All the great adventures they've dreamed
They try to lure me from the safety of this sphere
Trying to replace my never-ending dread



Untitled 2/Steph Fox

19

Maggie Wiegand

Sweden, no mention of Ikea

A table found on the corner

Crown of flowers

Unknown country drives

Break-up

Friends move away

A sacrifice

A remodel

Experimental Drugs

Experimental Drugs

Dancing until the last one falls

Dancing in Grant Park

Dani doesn't want to go back home

I don't want to go back to school

"Do you feel held by him?"

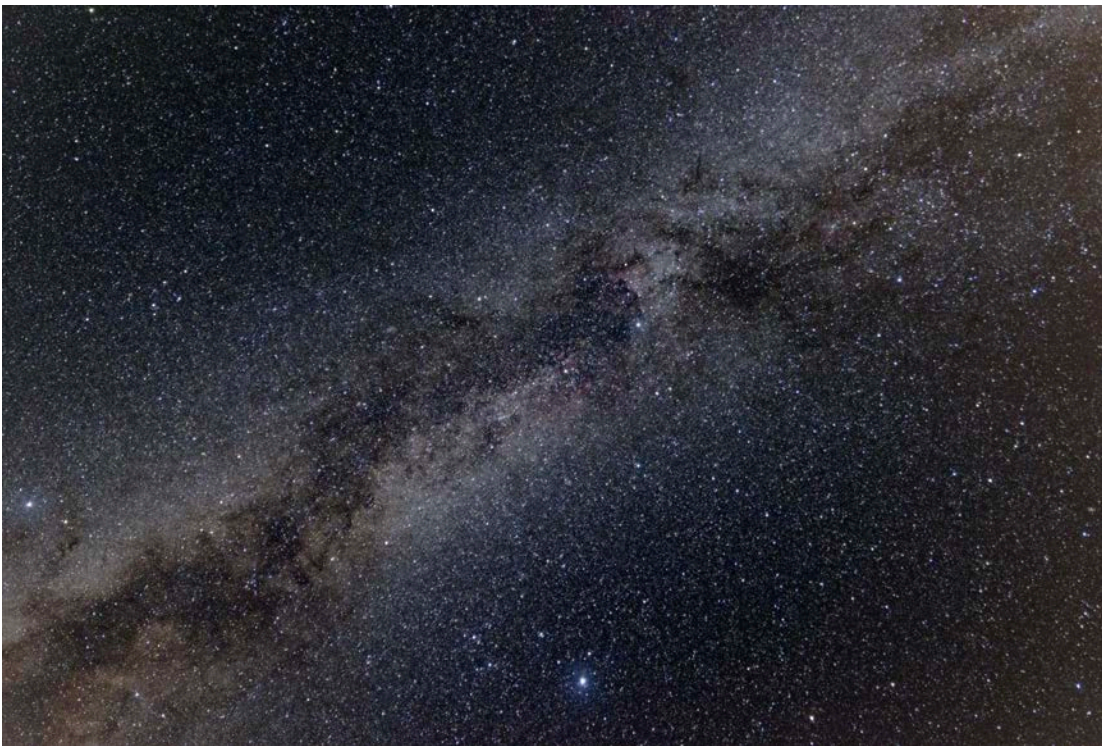
I don't

"Does he feel like home to you?"

Dani don't trust him, no place feels like home anymore



A Telescope and a Light Trail/Nic Napier



Our Galactic Home—The Milky Way/Nic Napier

PHI 100: Introduction to Philosophy

Part A. Long Essay, #4

March 10, 2019

Ideas on the Origin of Ideas; Reality vs. Reality

Shamus McElhiney

Imagine, if you will, that your consciousness exists in simulation. This virtual reality boasts ultimate fidelity, that is, it is indistinguishable from the reality that it is separate from. While immersed in the virtual, the memories that you possess from the real seem as dreams and vice versa. That is to say, when in the virtual, the real world is a dream and when in the real world, the time spent in the virtual is the dream. Now, if you, the reader, have been playing along, we arrive at an interesting conundrum, not the obvious puzzle of which reality is reality, but instead, how was I able to put an idea into your head? The analogy of the virtual verses real reality originated with me and is now playing out in your mind. Did the idea come from me or did I merely plant the seed that grew into the idea that originated within yourself? I would argue that any answer to these questions would be entirely subjective.

In regard to the question of which reality is real, we have established that the virtual reality cannot be differentiated from true reality while immersed. Additionally, the memories of your life in the real world are remembered as dreams when within the simulation. Or, as stated in the text, "It is the nature of most dreams that we take them for reality – while dreaming, we are unaware that we are in a dream world. Of course, we eventually wake up, and when we do, we realize that our experience was all in our mind" (Perry, 6th ed., 160). It would seem to me, a logical argument could be made, that context dictates reality. While in the virtual, the virtual is the real and when in reality, reality is real.

Reality is what seems real when compared to unreality. It is only in contradiction that definition can be established. The dream is only a dream when reality illustrates that it is not reality.

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Perry, John, Michael Bratman, and John M. Fischer, editors. Introduction to Philosophy: Classical and Contemporary Readings, 6th ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 2013.

A Letter for Optimism and Change

Cody A. Natof

To the Princesses and Walt Disney:

To Ariel, Mulan, and Jasmine who taught me to think outside social norms;

To Belle who taught me to judge people by their actions and not their looks

To Pocahontas who taught me to appreciate nature

To Rapunzel and Merida who taught me that adventure is something to be embraced and not to be scared by

To Elsa- you taught me not to run away from my problems lest new ones be born from cowardice.

To Tiana and Moana who taught me that hard work can pay off in individual efforts

To Aurora, Cinderella, and Snow White; you taught me that all goals are seeded as a dream.

And lastly, but not least by any means of the imagination, to Walt Disney: None of these people who I am addressing would be alive today if it were not for a risk you took on one simple mouse.

Now to you all today I ask you to think about this mouse and how many smiles he has birthed since his first drawing onto the silver screen. Now who says that one person cannot make a difference . . . maybe a small one . . . but that small act of kindness may be the biggest thing you have done today . . . and with a little luck . . . Just maybe we can change the world.



The Prince/Jane Breslin

Focal Point: Nostalgia

A Slice of What One Could Call Life

Jake Johnson

I leave work as soon as I can, slipping my clock-in card into my wallet as I call out my farewell over my shoulder. The door chimes as I rush out into the humid August night, my black concert tee instantly sticking to my skin. I place a cigarette in my mouth and swing open the unlocked door of my Oldsmobile Corsica. I slam the keys into the ignition with my right hand as I fish my lighter out of the map pocket of the door with my left. I reverse, stop, and light the smoke. I put it in park, go, turn. Stop. Turn. Stop. Turn. Stop. I sigh and kick on the radio as I wait for a pick-up truck to pass. Crossing the main highway through town brings me to the bar, Randy's.

The scent and haze of cigarettes greet me as I throw open the door. I enter, and saunter to the bar. A greybeard named Bob is seated in the corner with two beer cans before him. The top of one is covered in ash. I nod at him as I take a seat on one of the cracked leather stools. The bartender, Margie, approaches.

"Hey, sugar. How was work?"

"Fine." I answer, pulling another cigarette from my pack and lighting it. "Glad it's over."

"I bet. What'll you have?" She asks, sliding a crumpled soda can to me for an ashtray.

"How about... a shot of Hot Damn and a draft Bud Light?"

"Sounds like a plan. Tall one?" She says, setting a shot glass before me.

"You know it." I tell her, stroking the can with my hanging ash. It falls into the hole, hitting the backwash without a satisfying sizzle. She fills the diminutive glass with the pink schnapps and turns to fill the glass of beer. I drink the shot, eyeing the tattoos that cover her arms and shoulders.

The taste of cinnamon and heat of alcohol invade my mouth, penetrating and raping it, swirling into me, and I love it. Oh, destruction. I swallow, and the fire spreads down my throat and chest. I don't notice the lights grow dim, nor the music. I don't miss my senses, nor my sense. Oh destruction, desecrate me. I feel a drip on my mustache and lick at it, not caring how foolish this looks. I take a drag and blow out the smoke as she sets the beer before me. Oh destruction, we meet again.

I take a heavy gulp from the glass and look at the clock beside the bar's drive-thru. The time is 11:43, leaving seventeen minutes to drink in this tiny town. This means that there is an hour left most anywhere else. Dropping the cigarette into the ashcan, I plan my next move as I nurse my drink and bullshit with Margie. Bob gets up and leaves, setting a dollar bill between his cans. I wonder if he meant to leave the scene in such a phallic state, but do not mention it. Last call comes and goes and I head out into the night. The policeman drives by, and I wonder how long his shift is. Shrugging at the restless thoughts in my head, I get into the car and head home to grab a beer from the fridge. I leave the car running and open the beer after turning out of the driveway.

The highway is empty, for it is just after midnight on a Tuesday morning. I drive with the cruise set and my beer between my legs. The window is halfway down and I have a cigarette in hand. The modern rock station is all commercial right now, so I flick it over to the classic rock music, and then pump up the volume as CCR comes on.

Everything feels great. I drink deeply and then belch. No one is around, so I sing along. I take the interstate when the time comes, and I toss the beer can out before taking the exit into civilization.

The gas station is brightly lit, like a bug zapper. I pull in and kill the engine, and then approach the door. Todd, the attendant, is standing outside the front door, smoking. I greet him and head inside. He is at the counter before I exit the beer cave with two thirty racks. We trade jokes as the transaction is completed, and then it is farewell, goodbye, and catch ya later. I stash the booze in the cluttered backseat and grab a beer from one of the boxes. No one is around but Todd, and he is inside. I get into the car, place the cold can between my legs, and head home. I pop open the beer once I hit the interstate, and it is gone by the time I get off. I pull over on the ramp and grab another beer, and then pull back onto the ramp. I turn at its end, and then turn again onto the highway. Commercials fill the car, so I flip back to the modern rock station. Papa Roach is playing. I can tolerate this, I think, cracking the next beer and drinking deeply before lighting another cigarette.

Oh, destruction. Smoke and music swirl in the air, churning as wind whips through the open windows. My thoughts are blank and empty as I turn onto the road on which I live. I puff on the cigarette and chase it with beer, oh destruction. Desecrate me.

I pull into the driveway again and turn the key. I leave it in the ignition and take the beer into the garage. I set both cases in the fridge, and then carry five beers into the house. Leaving my shoes near the door, I tiptoe past my sleeping father and up the stairs. I step over the box fan in my doorway and set the beers down on my bed amongst the tangled sheets and blankets. I flick on the light and look over my domain. The tv and Xbox lay quiet and cold before a low sitting chair. Beside the chair lay a notebook with the Xbox controller and a Pilot G-2 ink pen sitting atop the drunken scrawling on the paper. On the other side of the chair stand a fifth of rum and a 2 liter bottle of dark soda, both more than halfway empty. A bookcase stands to the left of the bed, full of fiction and the traditional 'self-help books' indicating an amateur writer living here. I grab a small wooden box from the shelf and sit on the bed next to the pile of beer.

Within the box is a red aluminum hitter and a small bag of marijuana. I load the hitter and set the box back where I found it, grab a beer, and sneak back outside. Once outside I roast the weed and hold it until my lungs hurt. Breathing out, I cough, then light a cigarette and open my beer. I'm feeling fine enough to ignore the emptiness of this existence.

Oh destruction, come get me.

Taking a puff, I eye the sky. It is littered with stars, and I fall into it for a moment.

Oh destruction, take me away.

I sigh.

Oh destruction, desecrate me.

Tossing the cigarette out into the yard, I return to my room to find oblivion. Same thing I did yesterday, and the same thing I will do tomorrow.

Oh, destruction, are you all there is?



Back on Brown

20 Minutes Sketches

Alison Bundza



Model 1



Nude Model

Back
Drawing

Ask Again Another Day

Kaitlyn Pleshko

If you were to ask me
If I knew my name
I'd say, maybe
And tell you to try again another day

If you were to demand of me
What is your name?
I'd say, I'm not certain
And tell you to try again another day

If you were to take hold
Break my arms and legs
If you were to scream and shout
I'd tell you to try again another day

If the fire were to hold us
A glove to protect us
If you whispered, "please" I'd say, "I'm not sure"
And tell you to try again another day

As we turned to ash
Your disappointment bitter in the wind
I'd say, I can no sooner deny my nature
Than turn the sun from my face



Upside Down Woodpecker/Nic Napier

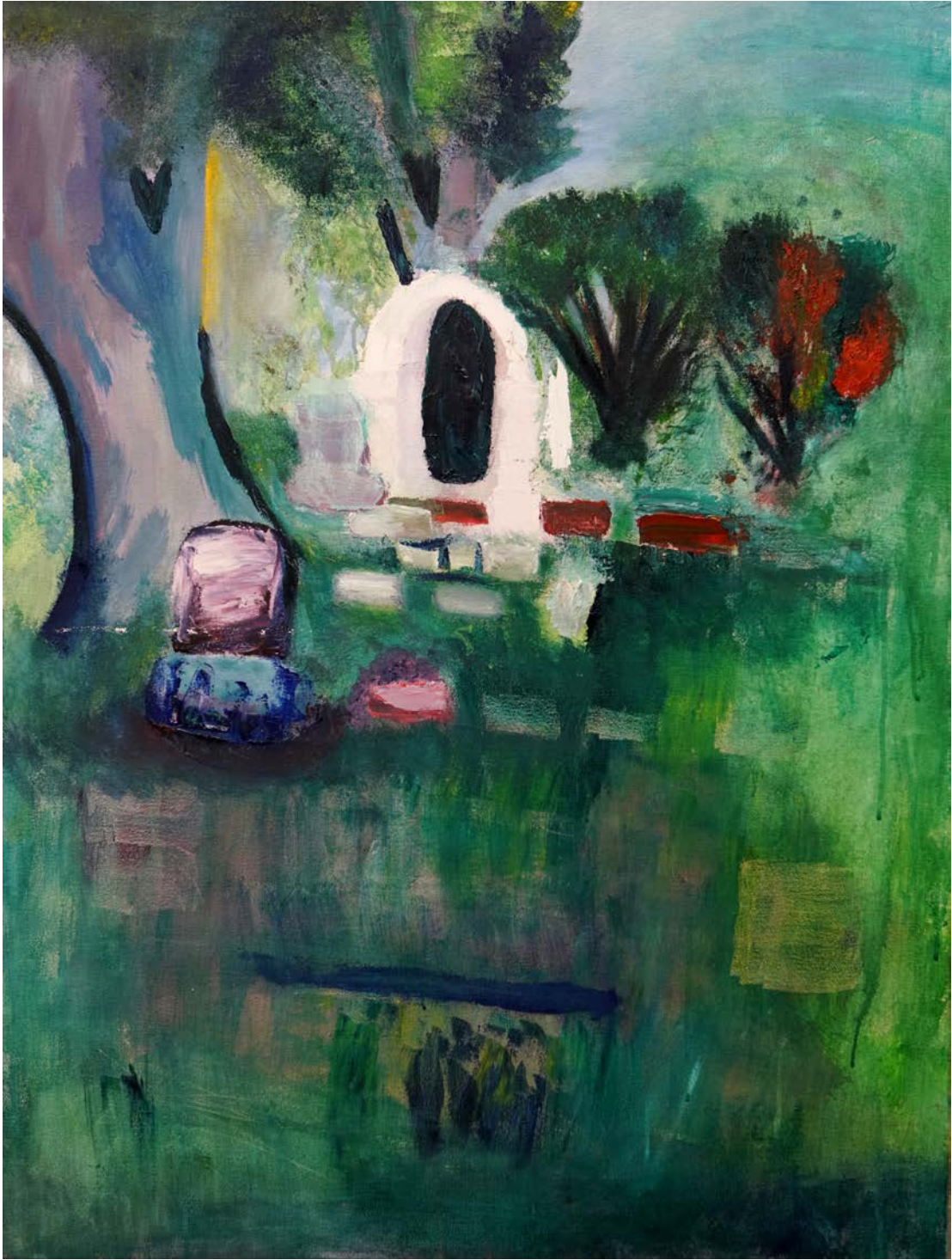
My Brain Hates Me

Grace Robbins

Blue light illuminates my face as my fingers fly across the keyboard

They halt, fingers hovering, fingertips curling in on themselves.

I hit the backspace button until there's nothing left.



Cemetery/Lanette Cravotta

Insecure and Self-Absorbed, or Diagnosable Narcissist

Vicki McMullin

Fragile egos push aside
the light that shines from another.
For another's light
rubs his wounded pride,
poking holes in the darkness
he is driven to hide.
The darkness that harnesses
unclaimed self-hatred and perceived imperfections,
thus kindling the need for unbridled affection.
Driven, with eyes on one prize,
'tis center stage his ego demands,
to be lifted up on command,
unquestioningly adored.
Unflinchingly competitive,
To be the best, anything less ignored.
Criticisms masterly deflected.
Random praise for others,
Insincerely delivered,
followed with subtle cuts,
and cunning jabs,
wrapped in a joking presentation -
all in an effort to disguise
his true demeaning intention.
Of certain behaviors will loudly complain,
then in the same breath turn and do the same,
Never taking responsibility for his actions or lies.
Deflecting accountability -
He is the master of denial.
Criticisms formed of denial and self-projections,
unwitting attempts to exploit his grandiose illusory perfection.
Judging others –'tis only a reflection,
the mirror of his own self-deception.
But with no understanding of the connection,
the true purpose of the path gets lost.
For to validate an internal crack,
would annihilate his faulty self-perception.
Shining light on his delusions and lies,
the shadow self he must deny.
For ego death is not a task he willingly seeks to endeavor.
For his treasure is self-serving,
his only goal
a godless prize.
Maintaining the coffers

of self-centered pleasures,
duplicity his master,
At the expense of truth
He weaves lies.



Thing/Heather Hoadley

You Don't Deserve Her

Kailin Cutliff

Maybe they're not so bad

They're ruining everything

I haven't even given them a chance

They're the reason she almost got hurt

She doesn't really love him

She'll never love you

It wasn't supposed to happen like that

You should have listened to me

I had a plan

It never would've worked

She was supposed to be mine

Your own mother doesn't love you

He doesn't treat her right

I could treat her better

She's always on my mind

She's a distraction

She's all I ever wanted

Mother said we could do better

She sees me as a monster

Maybe it's time I started being one



Little Royal/Grace Gilbertson

English 101: Literary Analysis

Students were asked to analyze a theme they found in a short story, a song, an album, a film, a novel, or a single episode of a television series. They were assigned to ask a question about this theme in the title, provide thoughtful examples and discussion of the theme throughout the essay, and arrive at an “answer.”

Does “Women’s Appreciation” Cross a Line?

Erin Glisan

The U.S. television series *The Office*, which began airing in 2005 on NBC, has been known to cover many sensitive topics in a way that pokes fun at the issues. The series has had episodes on sexuality, diversity, sexual assault, and even sexism toward women. Episode 22 of Season 3 is titled “Women’s Appreciation,” and the episode discusses everything from women in the workplace to sexual harassment directed toward women. This episode was written by Gene Stupnitsky and Lee Eisenberg and directed by Tucker Gates. Cracking jokes almost every other line, it is clear, as a viewer, how this episode may be interpreted very incorrectly. Because of the blatant jokes, the consistent stereotypes, and the sarcastic tone throughout the episode, it is obvious that the episode does exactly what it is meant to do: show the lack of intelligence in those who view women as less than men.

The episode opens to a scene in which one of the office workers, Phyllis, is walking into the office after having just been flashed. In the beginning, many other office workers take her complaint very seriously and notify the police. After the initial shock settles, the writers decide to begin the jokes and address the problematic attitudes towards the sexual harassment Phyllis faced. One of Phyllis’s coworkers, Angela, played by Angela Kinsey, proceeds to make a comment implying that Phyllis is at fault because she is married. This line is set up in such a light to show that, indeed, it is not the victim’s fault. Creed, a very odd and mysterious office worker, defends the man who flashed Phyllis. By giving the defending line to Creed, the writers were able to show that it takes someone who may be a little crazy to defend another person who was clearly in the wrong. Dwight, a very intense and sometimes incompetent salesman at the office, decides to issue a memo to help subside the issue women are facing. The memo has a set of rules including “women will be sent home if they wear makeup or heels exceeding one quarter inch.” It also states that women “are not allowed to speak to strangers unless they are given written authorization.” By stating these ridiculous rules, this show is able to make clear that women are not the ones in charge of making sure they do not get harassed, but it is actually the harasser. These obvious jokes show that *The Office* had no intention of trying to be sexist, but, in turn, was able to shed light on the lack of intelligence that goes with believing these things.

Along with jokes about women, there are also never-ending stereotypes about them as well. Michael, who is played by Steve Carrell, the crazy office manager, decides to issue a women’s appreciation meeting. Jim, who is played by the actor John Krasinski, the goofy and relatable main character in the series, mentions that Dwight could run the meeting because he plays with collectable action figures that Jim calls “dolls.” A common stereotype about women is that they play with dolls. When kids grow up, their parents are often inclined to buy their male children trucks and cars to play with and their female

children, dolls. It is obvious that Jim does not actually believe that Dwight could run the meeting solely because of a stereotypical feminine thing to do. During the meeting, Angela states that Michael often asks the women if they are menstruating when they get angry, to which Michael responds by saying, “I have to know whether you are serious or not.” The response in the conference room is a clear way of showing that the stereotypes of women on their cycle is very incorrect and blown out of proportion. Michael decides to take the women to a more “feminine environment,” the mall, and office-worker Meredith drives her van with the other women and Michael as passengers. After a terrifying drive there and a flat tire on the way back to the office, the boss looks at the camera and says, “many women are competent drivers.” By blowing the stereotypes against women out of proportion, the episode is able to show the ridiculousness of truly believing those things are reality.

In *The Office's* episode, “Women’s Appreciation,” there is a joke and stereotype about women thrown in almost every other line. Because of the abundance and sarcastic tone, the episode sheds clarity on the true ridiculousness of sexism against women. Although sexism is a very serious topic, *The Office* can bring humor to the subject to allow it to be seen in a much more lighthearted way. Episode 22 of Season 3 does not cross the line to make sexism more problematic, but it is able to contribute to the advancement of equality by making the insane nature of the issue more clear with humor.

Works Cited

“Women’s Appreciation.” *The Office*, written by Gene Stupnitsky and Lee Eisenberg, directed by Tucker Gates, NBC, 2007.



Untitled/Jennie Nichols

Meditation on Torrey Pines Beach

Vicki McMullin

Like the sea...

Embrace the natural flow and rhythm of life
the rhythm of the waves
the rising and falling
the highs and the lows
never pushing, never pulling
just naturally alive
unwavering and steady.
Each tide creating a new picture
painted with certainty on the fluid canvas of ever-changing sands
consciously accepting of its dichotomous presence
like a cool, yet warm embrace,
filled with affection and fury
the deafening roar, the deafening silence
tides of seemingly forceful aggression
lovingly delivered with perfect grace.

Like the beach...

Embrace the perfect picture of each moment
the rocks, driftwood, remnants of sea life
Landing peacefully and perfectly
momentarily spaced
momentarily placed
changing with each passing tide
constantly and continually rearranged
never again to be the same
never bothered by its history
never fearful or judgmental
of what has passed or is yet to come
fully accepting of each footprint
no matter how long its stay.

Once embraced-

this is the essence of being fully present and mindful
the essence of true peace and clarity
to behold the perfect interwoven connection
to discern the perfection of each moment,
each with vast importance and utter insignificance.
This is when you will know
without question, without doubt, without fear.
This is when you will know peace.
This is when you will know truth.
This is when you will know...
-that life unfolds just as it needs to.



Early Harbor Lighthouse/Keith Williams



Shadow Tower/Joshua Hinkle

Gunpowder burning in my heart

Noelle Gibbs

Up in my room all alone
I hear the thunder of daddy's engine tearing down the road
Ecstatic to hug him, down the stairs I bolt!
As I look out the window to yell your name, you shake a beer can and spray it in my
face.
Mommy starts screaming
She says you're good for nothing.
Then...BANG!
You shot my kitty?
What is wrong with daddy?
As he stumbles over his own shoes into the house he comes.
Sitting in his recliner
Hand on his gun
Screaming and shouting – I'm used to that.
I no longer shield my ears.
I'm scared but I can't show you that.
Why are they always so mean to each other?
You hurt
I know you hurt
I see the pain in your heart with every hateful thing that spills off mommy's tongue like
black poison eating away at your soul making you numb.
For the finale – the bang heard round the world.
There's blood everywhere!
Why is mommy screaming bloody murder.
Why won't you move when I shake you, when I kiss you on the cheek.
You won't even wake up when I cry and beg you,
Please Daddy, wake up!

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder noun

Grace Robbins

People with this disorder have a hard time focusing, are often disorganized, and are very forgetful. People diagnosed with this disorder often display symptoms of fidgeting, interrupting, and restlessness. There is not an underlying physical or mental disorder attached.

1. You can't go to sleep most nights because your brain won't quiet down enough.
 - a.1 Sometimes you can't get to sleep because you had to be focused on something for so long your brain didn't have enough time to be your brain, and it's still processing the day.
 - b.1 Or you can't sleep because there are four bars of music playing on a loop in your head.
2. You have a caffeine addiction because it helps you focus and relax.
 - a.2 Furthermore, you don't know if your body is shaking because you have not had enough caffeine or because you have had too much.
3. Bonus! You get a learning disability. If you're really lucky, you get multiple!
 - a.3 You got multiple.
4. Sometimes you just need to move, and it's really hard to stay still for long periods of time, especially if your brain is not being stimulated.
 - a.4 Introducing shaking your leg up and down, known to shake whole tables and annoy anyone sitting around you.

- b.2 My personal favorite: flappy hands! A great way to get all that pent up energy out. A con is you can't do it a lot since it's very distracting and you are in college.
 - c.1 The full-body shake. It happens when it is not socially appropriate to do any of the above; it is also involuntary and, therefore, annoying.
5. You feel like you are irritating everyone because of your boundless energy and wish you could just stop, but your brain won't let you.
6. One of the main perks of ADHD is hyper-focusing. If you have a deadline coming up, you can write a six-page essay in four hours; the problem is you also haven't moved in four hours either.
- a.5 You are dehydrated.
 - b.3 You are hungry.
 - c.2 You really need to pee.
7. You learn to cope with it because you have to. You've been told so many times you have "high energy" or have been told to "stop" and "slow down." But you can't. You hate yourself for it.
8. Every day you are learning that other people's opinions of you don't matter.
- a.6 You are becoming more confident in yourself, realizing that your flaws don't have to be terrible things.
9. You're learning to love yourself.

Push Delete

Vicki McMullin

Delete past programming
No longer accepting false input
No longer accepting faulty codes
No longer accepting faulty beliefs
No longer accepting that which was

I am who I was
I am who I will be
I am all that I reject
I am all that I wish to be

Cast off the analog loops
Of broken dreams
Break the encryption codes
That keep a faulty operating system intact.
Clear the cache of files that are no longer useful
Block unwanted viruses
- and negative spam
Reroute the network
Update the software
No longer host a server that doesn't serve you.

Rewrite the codes
emerge with new data
leaving all old protocol behind.

I am not who I was
I am who I am
I am all that I dream I can be.



Toon Self/Alison Bundza



The Dragon/Alison Bundza

Something Demonic

Kaitlyn Pleshko

Spoons fused to the table, thick rivers of molten metal pour around my feet
Flames lick at our backs but we can't look away
Your eyes hold mine and mine yours, I don't think we were meant to see each other
again

You lick your lips as I watch, tongue against the chapped surface
I can't look away- what happens in those moments you're out of my sight?

What pain do I risk when I look away?

None- I will not look away.

You lick your lips again eyes darting wildly around the room

Are you looking for an escape?

Are you scared to be here?

I'm torn between saying you should be and wishing you'd just flee

But you don't, for some reason we keep staring at each other

Flames in my hair and on your shoulders

I wonder what my silhouette looks like, if I look every bit the lost soul consumed by
hellfire as you

Or if I look demonic, as if the flames are where I was always meant to be

I don't think you were evil but I hate you anyway

I remember gentle moments, so gentle- but

I see my mother, shaking hands and the quiet strength that refused to give up

If not for herself, then for us

I remember the kind words you said to me

The warm afternoons when we smiled at each other

Two wandering souls looking for a home and not quite connecting

But I see her

I see her cry, I see the moments you hurt her and the fire behind me burns hotter

I want to reach across the table and burn your eyes with the magma pooling in my hands

I want my tears to fall on your face, as they fall down mine, and blister your skin until
I've hit bone

I want to watch you burn, I want to know we're safe, we're free

I watched you burn

The only picture with all of us, I watched you burn

I want you gone, want you to suffer like we did, like my mother did

She didn't deserve that

But I don't think it'd help
I think, as much damage as you did to her, she's started to heal
She's getting better
Breathing calm, pushing back against the fools who challenge her
But the fire in me grows
My eyes glow like embers
Face thrown red and blotchy as I struggle to stay in my seat
You look so small
You never looked small before



Transcendence/Joshua Hinkle

The First

Kaitlyn Siebken

October

“Is that you, Mags?” Dad calls out as I head down the stairs hitting each one with a hard thud and not bothering to avoid the creaky spots on the fifth and second step.

What a stupid question. Who else would it be? Mom doesn’t get out of bed until noon. I walk into the kitchen.

“Yeah dad, it’s me.” I say, while remembering to smile.

Dad sits at his usual spot in the breakfast nook reading the morning paper, uniform rumpled from a long night shift, and eyes starting to droop. His once dark brown hair sparkles grey in the morning light coming through the window, and his widow's peak seems to be getting more pronounced everyday.

As I head for the back door he looks up from the paper, and I can imagine his thought process. Almost see it float by underneath that widows peak. *Oh Dad, is it really necessary for you to ask?*

“Do you have the taser?” Of course he asks.

I pull the black device from my sweat pants pocket and wave it slightly in his direction.

“Good. Stay safe.” He says.

I let out a small grunt of agreement and feel his eyes follow me as I leave the house.

Putting in my earbuds, I sink into the music as I start my jog through the streets I’ve known my whole life. What was that song from *Beauty and the Beast*? The one where Belle looks down on all the simple people? This place is like that. A little town where everyone knows everyone. Completely safe.

Or at least, that’s what everyone used to believe.

A few blocks away a flash of pink catches my eye, but it’s nothing new, just the flower petals that have fallen in front of an eyesore of a memorial that sits in front of the junior high and high school. The dark words IN LOVING MEMORY OF JASON ROBINS stand out against the dull grey stone. I know there’s a quote with it but the words are always covered with flowers, and I’ve never taken the time to look closer. It probably says something about a young life ending too soon. I run past focusing back on the song pumping through my earbuds and the burn in my lungs caused by the morning chill.

A couple blocks away I spot a police car pulling up in front of the Robins’ house. Quickly ducking down I move to the familiar thin alley that passes around and to the back of their house. Standing on my toes I can just peek over the wooden fence and watch as police officers Mitch Callum and Samuel Singh step out of their vehicle.

It looks like they've had more than a few sleepless nights these past six months, but their shoulders sag in a way that isn’t just physical exhaustion. They seem, what's the word? Despondent? They walk despondently to the door? I hated when they would come to my door with their attempts to command authority.



Morgue/Grace Gilbertson

July? Was it July?

Yes, July was the last time they had come to visit. The loud boom of their knocks had shook the house. I had been in the living room with mom, not moving and trying to ignore the heat, mom had jumped so hard she had nearly fallen off the couch.

Dad's face had been bright red as he stomped to the door and jerked it open. He didn't like being woken up. The officers actually took a step back when they saw him standing in the doorway. No matter how hard they tried to puff their chests it was easy to see they had never had to deal with anything like this. And why would they? What did silly small-town cops where nothing happens usually have to worry about besides the occasional drunk driver and noise violations.

"Why are you here, again?" Dad had asked as I got up from the recliner and moved closer to the door while mom went to the kitchen, probably getting a drink.

Samuel Singh stepped forward, "We're just here for some follow up questions."

"This is the third time you two have been here for "follow up questions", what more could Maggie tell you?" His voice was rising and I decided it was time to step in.

“Dad.” I placed my hand gently on his shoulder and smiled softly, a gesture to show reassurance, “It’s okay, they’re just trying to solve Jason’s murder and I’ll help however I can.” I turned, remembering to slightly broaden my smile at the officers who

looked relieved. Callum even blushed slightly as I made eye contact. He’s the younger of the two and has always played the cliché good cop when talking to me. They followed me to the living room trying to ignore the glare from dad. After they walked past he had stalked off to the kitchen where he would be able to hear every word. They shared the couch and I sat across from them, just like the last two times they had come by.

“We would like to go over that day with you.” The first time Singh had said that was the day after the murder. I had been the last person to see Jason alive. Of course I had to have seen something.

“Well I’m not sure how explaining it again will help, but alright.” I started. “I went over to Jason’s on that Sunday to work on our world history project.”

“And what was that project?” Singh leaned forward.

I paused for a moment as if I couldn’t quite remember, “It was a presentation on how the terrain of Vietnam affected the fighting style of the war there.”

“Alright, when did you get to Jason’s house?”

“Around 2 or 3, somewhere in there.” It was 2:36 exactly when I had rung the doorbell.

“Did you see anything, anything at all when you were heading to his house?”

“No, nothing out of the ordinary.” *I had taken the long way so I could check the back gate before going to the front. It had a terrible lock.*

Singh started getting agitated. It was the third time we had this conversation, that he would expect anything new was surprising. His cheeks turned a slight pink, “Are you completely positive?”

There was an anger to his tone that I didn’t like, it had almost caused my helpful appearance to slip, but fortunately Callum took charge. “Hey man, relax. If she had remembered seeing something she would have contacted us.”

I nodded my head in agreement.

But no I wouldn’t contact them.

“Just go over it all again for us, maybe there’s something we missed.” Callum said while focusing on me. Putting the blame on themselves had been a nice move. And for

the first time, I had considered that Callum could be more of a threat than his partner.

I had gone through it all again. “Jason and I worked on our project until around 5.” It was 5:14. “He told me that his parents were out of town and asked if I wanted to



Anger Management/Colene Davis

stay and eat dinner with him. He was ordering pizza. I refused because my family likes to eat together on Sunday nights before dad starts his shift.” It’s the only day of the week dad doesn’t sleep until an hour before he has to go in.

“And then you went home, had supper and later at 10:13 you messaged Jason asking about the project?” Singh is good at interrupting.

“Yes, I had a question about my part of the project.” No I didn’t, I had finished my part.

“And why didn’t you send more texts when he didn’t answer?”

“I don’t like when people just continuously message even if there’s no reply so I don’t do it to others. I assumed he was asleep and figured he would message me in the morning.”

“Then you just went to bed?”

“Yes.” *No, I wasn’t even in my room when I sent that message.* But mom will tell you I was, that she heard the radio that I only listen to as background noise when I sleep, that she popped in and saw me. Her words not mine. I had never expected that her need to cover her alcoholism, and the fact that she can barely remember my name after 9 p.m, would end up helping me. Help add to my story.

When I sent that message I was at Jason’s. Staring into the empty eyes of a body that was no longer a person. It’s like turning off a light switch. Everything that makes a person is in their eyes. Personality, wants, dreams, thoughts, and when those are gone there’s nothing but a dark empty room.

And it’s empowering to be the one who turns off the lights.

The officers couldn’t think of anything else to ask; anything more they need to know. They thanked me and had started to head towards the door when Callum stopped.

“When did you first meet Jason?” He asked.

“At school when he moved here after winter break.” It was the truth but not all of it. I did meet him in person at school. Was introduced. Said hi. But I first saw him at the supermarket. Our eyes met across the containers of squashes. He smiled, it was a smile that caused the sides of his eyes to crinkle. I had forgotten to smile back, instead I walked away feeling my heart pounding. My fingers tingling. I now believe that is what excitement feels like. Excitement because at that moment I knew; he would be my first.

A strangled shrieking sob cuts through the music in my ears and my memory. I pull out my earbuds and stand once more on my toes to peek over the fence. The officers are now standing awkwardly a few feet away from the door as if they had just backed up, and Jason’s mother has collapsed on the porch.

“How can you close the investigation!? Someone killed my baby!”

I watch for a moment as she sinks into hysterics and her husband bends to comfort and corral her into the house. A smile pulls at my lips as I replace my earbuds. It’s strange. I usually have to remember to smile around people, but there’s no one to see me. Even more strange is that the smile stays on my face; all the way home.

Everything is Empty

Jake Johnson

Remember when we used to laugh
Walking hand in hand
With dreams and hopes and lovely plans
We left footsteps in the sands
But now, everything is empty

I don't know if it was foretold
Or if you decided to go on your own
I find it difficult to be so bold
I wish I could ask: "Why'd you leave me all alone?"

Barefoot on the ice
Numb and bleeding
Skirting the line of medicine and vice
My very sanity receding

What happened to the sun?
What happened to the dream?
There was a home and love and fun
Now I can't even scream
And everything is empty

Everything is empty
From my lungs to my heart
Tears and silence tempting
My bed and my head
Everything is empty
And I don't know
If I prefer the laughter to the pain
Or the sunshine to the rain



Emptiness/Joshua Hutchings

Golden Fields of Dying Wheat

Kaitlyn Pleshko

golden fields of dying wheat
Bid me lay in their ground
Caressed by their roots
Face held gently between them
Gently as they sway
Gently as they take my life for a little while
Gently as they take my troubles
my worries
my heartaches
my breath

golden fields of dying wheat
Bid me walk among their sway
Carry their young far and wide
'We held you
'Protected you
'It's only fair,'
I hear them whisper
I can't remember if they did
Or if they just bid me lay in their ground

golden fields of dying wheat
Growing by my home
Rolling yellow waves kissed by the breeze
Smile at me
'Thank you
'For sharing your home
'Just as our parents shared theirs,'
I smile back
Small and soft
Warm in their gratitude

golden fields of dying wheat
Hold me gently as they sway
The wind batters them by they sway on
I sleep beneath the ground
Calm
Peaceful
Awake
golden Fields of dying wheat



Ryan's Round Barn Interior/Keith Williams

Unraveled, Severed

Vicki McMullin

Knit together with ease and care.
Stitches sewn in patterns.

Life – people and circumstances
Knit together with ease and care
Stitches sewn in patterns.

One stray fray
and the unraveling begins...
one stitch at a time.

Sometimes stopped...
tied off before any real damage begins.

Sometimes pulled
painfully slow and steady
like the beat of a prison or nursing home clock.

Sometimes yanked
playfully at first
as if yarn caught on a puppy's paw,
unaware of the damage until the damage is done.

And sometimes,
annihilated,
like a terrorist's blade severing the heart from the head,
leaving few, if any stitches from the once familiar pattern,
completely unraveling,
completely disconnecting all ties,
as if removing sutures before their time,
leaving a gaping wound,
leaving only a remnant of what once was.

And it is then – unraveled, severed...
With a stitch at a time
that a remnant can be re-stitched,
mended
into something new,
something else,
something even more dear than before.
One's hope is in the mending.



Lincoln Park/Lanette Cravotta

9/13/19 (a Friday)

Kailin Cutliff

The autumn breeze blowing through my fingers, the fading summer sun burning down on my arm, hope has never felt more beautiful. A day thought to be cursed, a girl thought to be broken, hope has never looked more beautiful.

Dedicated to my best friend, my Grace, may we always be all in this together. And to Katie, without you this would not have existed. I love you both.

Once a Wildcat

Kailin Cutliff

It all started when I was 6 years old. The first movie had just come out and I was instantly enraptured with all of it; the story, the music, the characters, the actors. My parents just assumed it was a passing fancy. I mean, I was 6 years old and nothing that caught my eye ever stayed important for long. But somehow this time was different. The second movie was announced and I awaited its release anxiously, counting down the days until I would be reunited with what felt like my best friends, the only people that I thought really understood me. I had a countdown that I kept track of obsessively and finally, 10 days before my 7th birthday, the countdown had reached its end. Friends of the family and extended family members were confused because they were certain it wasn't my birthday quite yet, but my parents knew for it had been all I talked about for the past few months leading up. I sat on the hardwood floor of the living room, right in front of the t.v. and squealed with glee as the opening sequence started. For the next hour and 51 minutes I didn't move from my spot. The third and final installment came a bit later than I was used to. Instead of right before my birthday, I had to wait until almost Halloween. October 24th, to be exact. And instead of this one airing on t.v. like the others had, I would have to travel to our local movie theater to see it. My mother expected this and diligently took me opening night to say my last goodbyes to the franchise that had given me purpose for the past two years. I was only 8 years old, but sitting in that movie theater I experienced my first big loss, my first real heartbreak. There were so many people crying in the theater, but in that moment, it was just me and the characters, the only people who mattered. My mother still took me to see it again six more times after that.

For the next few years after that, I tried to recreate that feeling of love and bonding. I wore all of my merch, listened to all three soundtracks on loop, made plans for my high school self based on what I had seen. But eventually, it became weird to talk about it all the time. My friends that I had made drifted away and I was labeled the weird kid, so I worked harder to hide that part of myself. When my friends asked what I had done over the weekend, I told them that it was nothing much really, just worked on some homework. When they asked what songs I was into at that moment, I lied and told them that the new Lady Gaga song was really good, and I was really liking Ariana Grande's new album. I didn't tell them that I still watched you every weekend, that I still listened to you whenever I got the chance, which was a lot easier now that I was 16 and not 6 and Spotify was a thing. When everyone else shared their year-end Spotify wrapped, I knew to keep mine under wraps because no one could know what took up the majority of my time.

But now I'm an adult and I don't feel like I have to hide anymore. The franchise has made a comeback thanks to the creation of Disney+ and I no longer have to keep my obsession under lock and key. I have found friends that appreciate my love for you, that share that love and bond that I have with you. Now I know that if my friends can't accept you, then they aren't really my friends. I don't have to lie about the new Ariana Grande album that I honestly wasn't even that into. And when my decade Spotify wrap came around, I opened and shared it for all to see because I am no longer ashamed to

say that I am obsessed with you, High School Musical, and that you have always been more than just a franchise to me. More than just a passing crazy, a temporary fad. You have become my lifestyle and have colored my every way of thinking, feeling, and being. And never again will I deny my love for you. Once a wildcat, always a wildcat. For life.



Boom/Brandy Lowry



The Princess/Jane Breslin

The Last Fifteen

Grace Robbins

The clock displays 3:45, I get off at four. But these last fifteen minutes drag. I watch Karen put chips in bags and worry if that will be me in thirty years. I pray to any god that will listen, *please don't let that be me*. I have ambitions. A hunger to teach. I watch Karen ask if she can go home, with her usual lopsided scowl. She does this every day, even though she knows she leaves at 4:15; I only get to leave early because I have school. She says she went to school but for one reason or another she dropped out. I hope I don't have to drop out. She could have done something with her life, but she decided to be complacent instead, even though she complains about it every day. I loathe her for this; I don't know why, she's always been nothing but nice to me. I have no reason to hate her. But she had straight A's. She was a math tutor, for cripe's sake. She could have done more than ask people if they want sauce with that. She says I remind her of a younger version of herself. I don't want to be a younger version of her. I'm going to make it. Her face displays a sad smile as she says a sentence that chills me to my core: "I was going to be a teacher, too."



Grand Haven Sunset Pier 6/Keith Williams



Untitled 2 and Untitled 3/Jennie Nichols



Home

Maggie Wiegand

galesburg, il

chicago in the winter

diy shows

hands holding themselves

not just noise

the first year of community college with Lillie

hiking in the fall at blackthorn

stoner alley

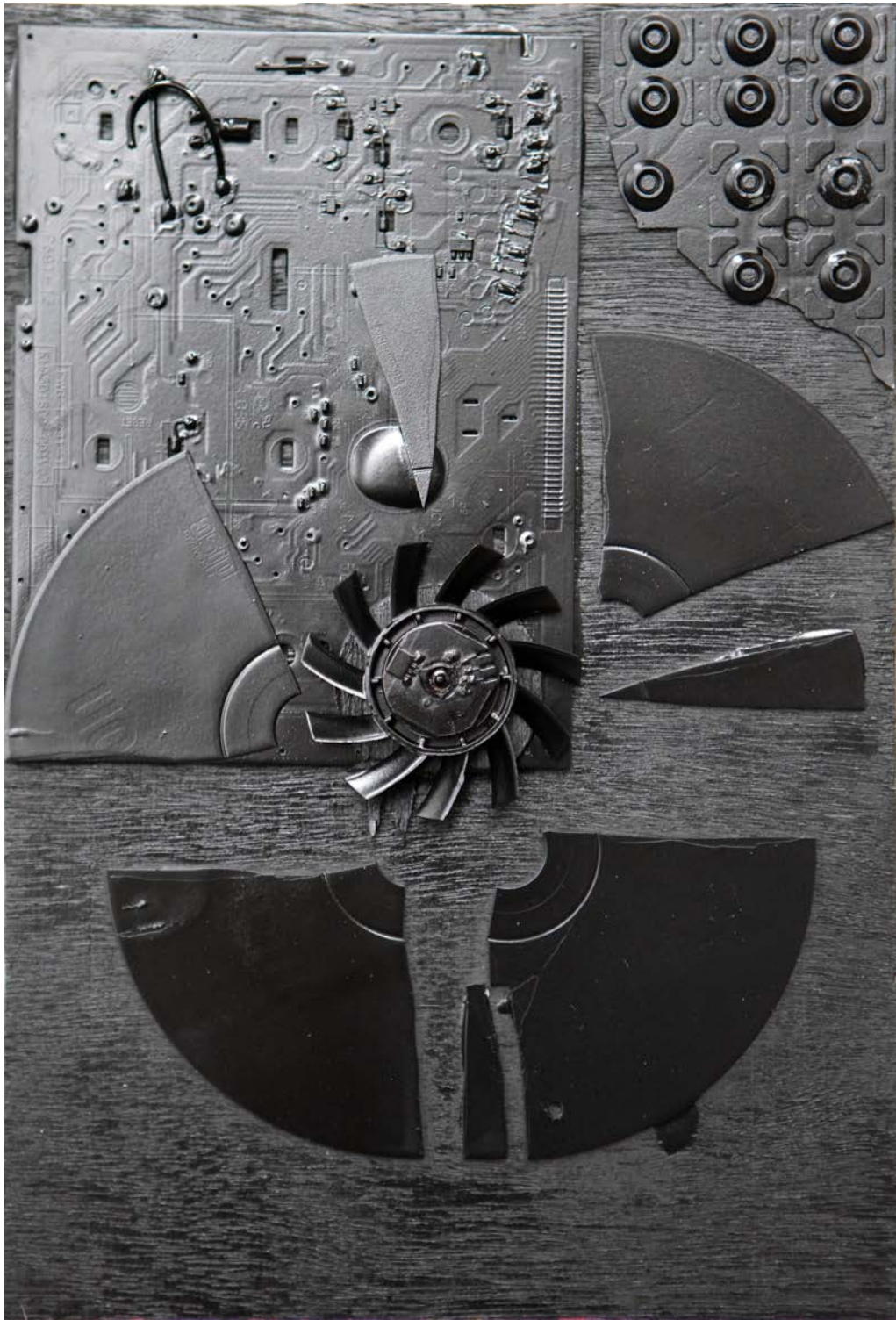
that one drive with carly & avery

sophomore year of high school

i'm sorry we're not friends anymore



2-point perspective/Tawny Patrick



Progress & Technology/Dakota McDorman

SPE 120: Intro to Public Speaking
Speech 2: Pet Peeve Speech (Revised)
October 3, 2019

You Know What Really Grinds-My-Gears

Shamus McElhiney

You know what really Grinds-My-Gears, those Video Gamers and Video Game Reviewers on YouTube that cannot seem to appreciate a new and innovative game. They need a new game to clearly explain their goals and objectives with a step-by-step walkthrough for how to achieve them. When a game seems to lack the clearly defined goals and the step-by-step walkthrough, Content Creators, the people publishing videos to YouTube, fail to exercise the imagination required to experiment and investigate their own way to achieving goals they set for themselves. Additionally, these aggravating individuals can only think of new games in terms of games they are already familiar with. They are most comfortable describing a new game in terms of other games that it is 'like.'

I believe this could be a problem because innovative and groundbreaking new releases that are unlike anything that has been produced before are receiving terrible reviews for the reasons I have laid out. I fear the result of this failure of imagination will be that the producers and distributors of video games will no longer release fresh and unique gaming experiences. Literally a case of "This is why we can't have nice things."

Three relatively recent video game releases that I feel hold up a magnifying glass to this issue are: *Minecraft*, *No Man's Sky*, and the recently released, *Ancestors: The Humankind Odyssey*. If you are unfamiliar with any of these examples, this next part should be interesting because attempting to explain a video game to someone unfamiliar with it sounds like insane nonsense.

Minecraft, for instance, is an open world survival sandbox where the player is free to do anything they want, be it; building massive structures, battling hostile enemies, or pushing straight for the 'End Game.' *No Man's Sky*, similarly, is a series of procedurally generated shared galaxies for players to explore and experience, and often injudiciously described as "Minecraft in Space." The most recent example, *Ancestors: The Humankind Odyssey*, is an open world action-adventure survival experience wherein the players control a lineage of prehistoric hominids while attempting to ensure their survival and achieve advancement through evolution.

Each of these games, at their release, were met with critical reviews due to the exasperation of gamers because the game wasn't like other games they were familiar with; they expected the game to guide them down a set of rails or have the same sort of objectives and goals as games they were familiar with. In conclusion, let us hope that the unimaginative do not ruin some of the most creative art being produced in this era.



Journey/Abigail Peterson

An Ode to My Car

Kailin Cutliff

Oh dearest steed, noble and proud
I did love to drive you, even though you were loud
But now we've left you behind, and my heart it does ache
But it is not my fault that your belt thing did break

This morning was sad as I went to school in the truck
The only thought in my mind was "what the -"
My freedom to drive either near or far
Taken away because dad says I may have broken the car

My still proud steed, now you are fixed!
My sorrow for your loss has been nixed!
Although you chose Walmart to fall apart,
Your engine and alternator now once again start.

A Clock's View

Grace Gilbertson

I am facing outward, towards the center of the room
When I see the fall,
the push.
There is a crack of wood,
the sound of air being pushed from a pair of lungs.
In seconds humans learned how to fly
without wings.
After the body hits linoleum,
and before the panic sets in,
for a brief moment
there is only
ticking.



Still Life #2/Alison Bundza

Remember

Brisa Pantoja

I remember the day we sat down picking books to read
The morning you didn't get mad when I wore your lipstick
The day we realized how much we looked alike
And the night I thought you were saying goodbye
I remember all the days
The night when my mother wasn't my mother
I never would've thought I'd wish for another
I tried to forget your abuse, your hatred
I knew it was just a phase; 6 hours at most
I tried all the sobering myths from black coffee to cold showers
But as you continued to drink, you got stronger in the worst ways
For you, strong coffee was never so weak
For you, cold showers were never so warm
I remember every memory
Even the ones that have put me in infirmaries
But the vomited shoes and slobbered mouth have overridden any excuse
Leaving you has come to my mind
Too many times
Too many times where I'm starting to believe I already did.



Back Turned/Skye Bultmeier



Flutter Fly/Colene Davis

The Ugly Beast

Grace Robbins

My friends ask if I'm okay,

I reply with, I'm fine.

Because what else can I say?

That sometimes every breath I take is a struggle,

I hate being alone because my thoughts try to eat me alive,

It hurts to breathe because my emotions get caught in my throat threatening to choke.

No.

Because if I say anything I will be that depressed friend, they will coddle me like I'm breakable,

They forget that I have been in an endless war with my head since I was fifteen.

That I am strong, that I know when to indulge and to retreat.

I know some mornings I will want to disappear.

But I also know there will be good days.

I live for the good days.

Heartthrob

Shanna Bean

Cut my heart out.
Eat it again.
Why does it grow,
like Prometheus's organ?

"Is this a curse?"
I ask my friends,
"To forgive and never forget,
but never hold his hand?"

Sometimes I wish
I was the free eagle.
I would claw through--
Place half my heart
in your wounded,
desolate chest.

Would your heart throb?
Would it take half my pain away?

Maybe you would
then understand--
Love is complex.
Love is meant to be shared.

Feel what I feel.
Never want to
leave me broken,
alone and used-- ever again.

North of 60

Lisa Walker

There are some things you learn about the world when you are “north of 60”.

You learn that the sun circles the sky rather than crosses it and that it never really gets full dark in summer, even when the sun skims below the horizon after midnight. You learn that time is mostly irrelevant beyond how long your task at hand takes, and often you forget the whole concept of time.

You release all thoughts that do not bear on your immediate physical needs; your focus becomes where do I camp or how high should I hang the food. Priorities shift to getting water, staying dry and avoiding predators; primal needs, one need at a time, occupy your mind.

The unexpected result is peace. Not just contentment, but *real peace*. If you're in survival mode, if nothing threatens and no needs become pressing in that minute, the world shines. There is no boredom, there is no need for more.

It was the summer of 1988, and it wasn't my first rodeo. I was an experienced outdoorswoman and I had proved myself on other trips before. But this trip was special, and it would try to kill me.



There is No Treatment/Lisa Walker

Mudslide

The starting point for this trip was Kluane Lake in the Southwestern part of the Yukon Territories. Kluane is a good-sized lake, maybe fifty miles long and nearly three hundred feet deep in places. It had been raining there for months, the wettest summer on record locals said.

I was camped just north of where the Slims River flows into the lake at the base of Sheep Mountain. I waited there with the canoe and all the gear. I rested comfortably in our tent, a well-used Timberline. I read some, but when the rain slacked off, I just sat on a log and stared out over the great expanse of the lake. I couldn't get used to the way the water looked, turquoise and almost opaque from the glacial runoff. I shared my lunch with a seagull and wondered how Steve was faring.

Steve had left early that morning and driven to Whitehorse to set up the car-shift for the end of our canoe trip, sometime in August. The camp where I waited was about 160 miles west of Whitehorse, and it was maybe three hours each way driving, but if he had trouble hitching a ride, it could take a lot longer for him to get back to me.

It was just an ordinary enough car-shift really, except for the terrain and the distance we would be crossing. We would start from here tomorrow, making our way by canoe, first



Mudslide Slim/Lisa Walker

up the Slims River to the Kaskawulsh Glacier, then up Kluane Lake to the Kluane River, the Donjack, the White, and finally to the Yukon river, ending at Dawson City several hundred miles to the north. Our trip would take us through the Canadian wilderness, and we would be on our own the whole time, just he and I. The plan was that when we eventually reached Dawson City, Steve would leave me with the gear again, and take a bus back to pick up the car in Whitehorse; simple enough.

The camp where I was situated on a strip of narrow, sandy beach below the Alaska highway, separated from it by a slight escarpment and a strip of thick brush and young trees; the camp was invisible to any passing vehicles and they to me. That was one reason we had picked that camp site, but we also took into account its nearness to the mouth of the Slims. We wanted an early start the next morning.

When Steve finally did get back, I heard nothing until he called my name to let me know he had arrived. It was close to 8 o'clock, he had been gone for around 14 hours. He was tired and soaked to the skin, but I was greatly relieved to see him safely back.

I heated up some leftover stew while he dried off. The rain started in harder, so we crawled into our bags and tried to sleep. That was difficult because we were both excited to begin the trip we had been planning for the better part of a year.

But we did sleep and deeply, warm and cuddled in our bags.

The sky was vaguely light when we were roused by strange noises- roars and plopping sounds-that we couldn't identify, especially with the sound of the rain on the tent. Steve poked his head out trying to locate the source but couldn't see anything. He dressed and put on his rain gear, then went out into the rain to have a better look. I rolled over and pulled my head under the sleeping bag; it would be time to pack the canoe and move out soon enough.

Steve discovered that there was a large puddle spreading toward us from the small creek that cut across the beach just around the point north of us. Knowing that would soak the tent, he grabbed a canoe paddle and began to dig a moat around the tent to channel the water away. As he worked, Steve heard more still more strange noises, so without calling back to me, he climbed up the escarpment toward the road to get a better idea of what was happening.

Only the road was gone. To the north and south of us two huge lobes of mud, rocks and debris pushed out into the lake, cutting us off by land. And the mountain was not done. Above us he could see more mud flows coming harder and faster down a steep canyon in the mountain side. And we were now the low place on the beach between the first two flows. Only providence had prevented the mud from burying us tent and all with the first rush. Steve came galloping down the slope, shouting frantically for me to get out of the tent, *now*.

I could hear the terror in his voice and I jumped up at once and scrambled out the tent. I wore only a tee shirt and panties, and the rain soaked me to the skin almost immediately. As I turned confused to look where he pointed, I could see what looked

like a brown waterfall above us. I threw on my rain suit and boots, and we frantically started throwing everything into the canoe with no concern for packing or trying to keep things dry. The mud was encroaching on us every second and there was no time to waste.

I remember the unreality of the scene. It was only vaguely light, but I could see well; the entire side of Sheep Mountain seemed to be melting down on us. I watched as whole trees and car-sized boulders slid along in the mud, suddenly accelerating or even leaping through the air where another mad rush of water joined the flow. As we pushed off into the lake, it seemed the whole mountain was coming down. We bobbed in the choppy water and watched the mud take the site where our tent had been fifteen minutes before. I think we were both in shock a little bit.

Eventually Steve came to his senses and insisted we began to paddle. We stroked hard along the lake back towards the last place we had seen human habitation, Burwash Landing, about five miles south east along the lakeshore.

That distance would have been nothing to us usually, but that morning it seemed so much longer. As I paddled, I began to realize that I was more than just wet and cold; I was sliding into hypothermia. I could feel my mind clouding, and every physical effort took more out of me. I gripped my paddle and stroked as hard as I could while I kept my eyes on the bow of the boat. It was all I could do, and the necessity of paddling was all I was aware of.

Finally, I became conscious that Steve beached the boat on a broken stretch of beach. I looked shoreward and saw this strange landscape of sand dunes and waist deep puddles stretching off about half a mile inland. That was where we had to go. Steve was trying to explain something to me, but I couldn't focus on the words. He handed me the bowline. I slipped through my wooden fingers: I couldn't think how to grip it.

I don't think he realized how bad off I was until then.

I don't remember a lot of the details, but somehow, we got the canoe inland by wading and dragging it over the dunes and through the muddy water. Steve tied it off to a tree and helped me stumble up the slope to what turned out to be a small parking lot. He got me to this little utility shed there, out of the rain but shaking so hard I couldn't sit up. He left me there and ran off looking for help.

We had arrived at a large house trailer, divided into four small spaces. The proprietress apparently lived in one and displayed a sign by the road that read "Mo tel" to let out the other three. This accommodation was all there was between there and Destruction Bay, and she had only one empty room. Steve spent most of our cash to rent it and returned with the woman. Together they got me to my feet and wrapped me in a blanket like some kind of refugee. They led me toward the room while the other guests stared out the windows like strange and curious birds. Travelers began to fill the parking lot talking about the mud slide, about the total blockage of the Alaska Highway. They stared at us with open mouths; one took my picture.



North Star/Lisa Walker

Once we were inside, the proprietress ran a hot bath. Steve stripped my wet clothes and put me into the tub. He climbed into the water and wrapped his arms around me while I shook; I think I would have slid into the water and drowned if he had not. I don't know how long stayed like that, or when he got me out, but I woke up in the bed sometime toward the end of the afternoon. While I slept, he had gone back and forth to the boat several times and brought all the wet gear up to dry it out on the heaters. When he saw that I was awake and okay, he went out again and built a fire to make me some tea and something to eat.

By evening it had stopped raining, and with a full stomach I felt much better, so we decided that we would paddle out to reconnoiter the situation for the next day's departure. Our host told us the Alaska Highway was completely closed, and crews expected it would be several days to clear the debris and we needed to know how far it extended.

We took the canoe back up the lake toward the site of our escape. We identified our tent site by a young willow whose top boughs were visible between the two lobes of the flow. It had been just behind the tent and allowed us to estimate that our former campsite was buried under about eight feet of mud. At its thickest, the two-lobed mud flow was nearly thirty feet thick and extended almost a half a mile into the lake. It was terrifying to think how easily we could have been buried forever. No one would have ever even known we were there.

Most importantly, we found that the mouth of the Slims River was still passible. That meant the trip upstream to the glacier was still possible. We returned to our little room

and slept well dreaming of the weeks to come. It would be our last night under-roof for over a month.

Lining Up the Slims

The next morning was much colder and there was an early mist. But we could tell it was going to clear before long and this brought our spirits up. Steve rummaged through his pack and tossed me a pair of red, waterproof paddling gloves to keep me warm. I took them gratefully to hold off the cold.

By the early light the lake water was a murky turquoise, but as we paddled closer to the mouth of the Slims, it turned the color of coffee. As we slid into the river with the current against us, we were pleased that the going wasn't too tough, even though the water was very shallow. But only a few dozen yards upstream, however, we just bottomed out. When we went to push off, our paddles just slid into this fine, seemingly infinite muck. And as we tried to pull the paddles back out, we realized that they were good and stuck. It was quicksand. We looked at each other in a kind of panic; It couldn't be like this for the twelve miles stretching ahead to the glacier, could it?

We got the paddles unstuck finally, then over the next hour we got something of a rhythm going. One, lean ahead with the paddles overhead. Two, bury the first few inches of the blade in the mud. Three, pull with all your strength. Four, repeat. Over the first half of the morning, we bought about a foot at a time with these efforts, pulling the boat through the deep mud, against the current. It was slow, and tough and all my muscles were screaming. Occasionally we had to pry the bow laterally over into faster flow, and occasionally we were able to step out of the boat and pull it for a while, but we had to watch out for the quicksand along the bank.

Steve had always said that if a person only canoed downstream with the current of a river it was like helicoptering to the top of a mountain and climbing down. We had gone upstream before, but nothing like this. We were going to earn it.

Our goal was the glacier at the top of the river, the Kaskawulsh. It was wild, and unlike the glaciers I had seen before, there was no road that could be taken here. This Glacier could only be approached up this meltwater river.

Gradually the mud of the delta gave way to sand in what is called a braided stream. Described best as a mile wide and an inch deep, braided glacial rivers are made up of hundreds of interlocking streams, divided from each other by little sandbars. The water was still shallow and the current faster than before. Threading upstream was through the islands consisted of paddling for a while, then dragging the boat across the island. Sometimes one or the other of us would climb out to lighten the boat, wading along in the shallow water; usually him because he was still concerned about my hypothermia. It was only yesterday, as long ago as seemed.

By late in the day, we were making our way up the south side of the river. We had made maybe four or five miles, and we were on the lookout for high, firm ground to set camp for the night. That proved to be a harder than it sounds. Suddenly, out of nowhere an RCMP Park Service Helicopter glided over the river. They swung around back over our

heads and hovered shouting to us through their bull horn. Once they determined that we had already registered our trip, they only wanted to tell us that there was a Grizzly bear known to be frequenting this side of the river and to warn us to only camp on the north side. As they flew off, we again looked at each other, knowing we had spent over twelve hours making four miles upstream, and we now had to cross that, freezing cold, mile-wide river upstream before we could rest. We were exhausted but had no hope of rest for another five hours at least. But what could we do?

Braded Rivers carry away everything that a glacier carries, from boulders to the finest silt. And the lighter it is, the further it is carried. This means as you work your way up stream, mud turns to sand, sand turns to gravel. That is what started to happen now, we began to work our way into the gravel. This meant no more quicksand, just a thousand islands and as many channels to cross. A few were big enough to walk on, a few were close enough together to step from one to the other. Some of the streams were shallow, others suddenly much deeper. And we worked our way across it. The sky had turned to twilight. and we were both wet to the waist. The last few hundred feet, Steve just waded through the waist deep water and drug the boat with me in it. We'd done it.

We found a muddy rise on the far side to set the tent. We ate nothing that we couldn't boil over a small fire. We put our wet clothes over a sapling and fell into our bags exhausted. It would still take another day and a half to reach the glacier, but we had done the hard part, and broken the back of the Slims River.

Dancing Naked on the terminus of the Kaskawulsh Glacier

We reached the glacier on day three; there was only about two more miles to go from our second camp, and we were leaving most of the gear. We started upstream in a mostly empty boat and now that we were in the gravel, we could proceed much faster by a process called lining. This is a way to take a boat upstream by walking it. One person takes the bow rope or line and lets the bow out into the main part of the stream to avoid it catching on the shore. The other follows with the stern rope, keeping it short and adjusting to steer. Since the gravel islands were getting bigger, and we had less fording to do that meant we could move about as fast as we could walk.

I was dressed for the cold. I was wearing a knit hat and gray wool shirt over my long johns. As we got closer and closer to the ice, I could feel the katabatic wind sweeping down from the glacier, and even in the bright sun, it was biting. The water was faster now, and it started to roil like a rapids. We had to beach the canoe about a quarter mile downstream from the terminal moraine where the water burst forth like a geyser and walk the rest of the way.

As we approached, we could see the ice was dirty from all the glacial till; there were long ribbons of rock riding on its surface but in places the deep aquamarine of the old ice was visible. It was so beautiful I almost forgot to breathe.

Steve wanted to hike up the glacier to see what he could see, but I thought I needed to give my body a rest after the last few days. We agreed that I would stay at the terminus,



Dancing Naked on the Terminus of the Kaskawulsh Glacier/Lisa Walker

and he would return to me there by the time the sun was over a rocky peak he pointed out on the northern horizon. We split the bannock we had brought for lunch; he gave me a smile and started his climb.

I just sat there, staring at the water and humming to myself for a time.

I was bursting. This was the extreme opposite sensation of the fear I had felt recently, but I knew no words for it. Even now I don't know what to call it without resorting to something wildly melodramatic. But there, it didn't matter, and I did not try.

There was a lot of brush about, so I started a fire, and soon, despite the cold wind, it was very warm there at the edge of the ice.

I was alone on the ice.

I had survived the mud.

I was inspired to dance.

And since I was so alone and knew a chance like that would almost certainly never come again, I took off my clothes and folded them.

You learn things about yourself too, north of 60.



3 Sleeping Babies/Jane Breslin



Lisa 2020/Grace Gilbertson



*Fish and Tom Petty/
Heather Hoadley*





3-D Art

*All pieces designed, 3D-printed,
cleaned and painted by
Nicholas Simonson*

If I Live Forever

Kaitlyn Pleshko

If I live forever
If I pass the end
If I know my mention
If I keep my name

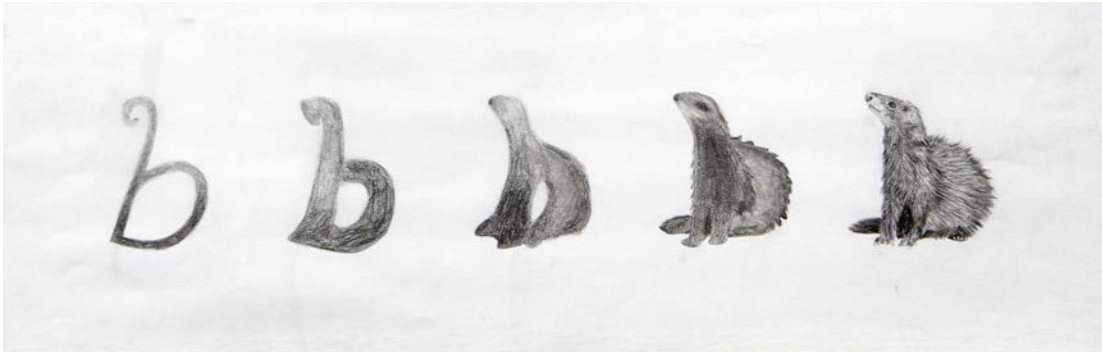
I'll live past the ever
I'll outlive my friend
I'll forget my splendid
I will leave my name

If I live forever
If I come again
If I find my center
If I know my name

I think I'll remember
I will dream of you
I know I'll see that smile
I'll wait here for you



Fireworks/Nic Napier



Transforming Ferret: Design 1 / Jane Breslin

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Bean, Shanna *Heartthrob* (98)

Bishop, Olivia *Dom, You are the Bomb* (38)

Olivia Bishop, of Alexis, is a student at Carl Sandburg College. She hopes to become a dance therapist. Bishop says, "I have always known that I could express myself very well through writing. I mainly like to write silly poems, songs, and short stories." Some of her favorite writers are S.E. Hinton, Toni Morrison, and Robert Frost. About her poem "Dom, the You are the Bomb," Bishop says, "I was in the shower randomly thinking of words that rhymed with my good friend's nickname, 'Dom,' and here we are."

Breslin, Jane *Zo-Zo—Ver. 2* (39); *The Prince* (53); *The Princess* (88); *3 Sleeping Babies* (105)

Sandburg student Jane Breslin, of Galesburg, has enjoyed drawing since she was young. Breslin says, "While I don't often make art, I enjoy drawing and painting with watercolor and acrylic." One of her favorite artists is Vincent Van Gogh. Breslin says, "I appreciate how beautiful his art is when even he did not like the art that he had created." Breslin said her cats are the subject of her pieces "The Prince" "3 Sleeping Babies" and "Zo-Zo ver. 2." "The year that I made all of those [pieces]," says, "I had created the painting with all three of them and then individual pieces to represent them. The three are siblings and they are my babies, so I wanted to have something for each of them."

Bultmeier, Skye *Back Turned* (96)

Skye Bultmeier, of Galesburg, is a student at Carl Sandburg College. With plans to learn to design video games and characters, Bultmeier says she has been interested in art for as long as she can remember: "I've always enjoyed art and drawing in general. I like to make drawings for the most part, both traditionally and digitally." Bultmeier says, "A lot of artists that inspire me are most of the ones from my Life Drawing class in college. All of them have such different ways they draw which is amazing to watch. Plus, my art teacher, she's probably one of the best I've ever had, and seeing her works in the classroom really inspire me to draw more and more." Of her drawing, *Back Turned*, featured in this year's magazine, Bultmeier says, "We had a model come in and was asked to give us a back pose, and I found where I was sitting had an amazing amount of shadow and light, and I

was very happy that I was able to capture it on paper. The amount of highlight clashing with darker shadows was something I couldn't resist drawing.”

Bundza, Alison *Black & White Legs* (9); *Still Life* (28); *Back on Brown* (56); *Back Drawing* (56); *Model* (56); *Nude Model* (56); *Toon Self* (73); *The Dragon* (73); *Still Life #2* (95)

Alison Bundza, of Galesburg, is a Sandburg student who plans to study art and animation, and perhaps video game design. She has been interested in art since she was very little and says, “I’ve been drawing for as long as I’ve been alive.” Her favorite things to draw are cartoons and animals. She has always been drawn to cartoons and loves how expressive she can get by exaggerating poses and facial expressions. Her favorite art mediums are pen and markers, and painting, as well as digital art. Bundza says, “I am mainly inspired by artists who work in animation. I love trying to teach myself to draw and animate like they do.”

Clark, Mollie *Mouse on Cheese* (24)

Sandburg student Mollie Clark, of Monmouth, hopes to pursue a career as a veterinarian. She has been interested in art for eighteen years, she says, and her favorite type of art to create is ceramics. Some artists who inspire her are Michelangelo, Donatello, and Edris Eckhardt. Regarding the inspiration for her featured piece, “Mouse on Cheese,” Clark says, “I tend to eat a lot of Colby-Jack cheese, and I call it Peppy cheese. My mom and my sister call me a mouse because of this, so I decided while eating ‘Peppy cheese’ to make a cheese box with a mouse on it, and so ‘Mouse On Cheese’ was born.”

Cravotta, Lanette *Tom* (13), *Abstract Park* (14); *Abstract 54* (45); *Abstract 55* (45); *Cemetery* (59); *Lincoln Park* (85)

Lanette Cravotta, of Galesburg, is a student at Carl Sandburg College. She has been interested in art since she was three years old. Her paintings featured in this magazine were assignments she completed for Sandburg art classes. Cravotta says she has been inspired by many different artists and teachers.

Cutliff, Kailin *Justin* (31); *You Don't Deserve Her* (62); *9/13/19 (a Friday)* (85); *Once a Wildcat* (86-87); *An Ode to My Car* (94)

Kailin Cutliff, a lifelong resident of Galesburg, is a student at Carl Sandburg College working towards attaining her Associate in Arts this spring. After Sandburg, she plans to transfer to Knox College and major in Psychology. Some writers whose work she admires include Amanda Lovelace, Rick Riordan, Cassandra Clare, Sarah J. Maas, Rainbow Rowell, and Suzanne Collins. The inspiration behind “Justin” and “You Don't Deserve Her” is an idea for a novel that she has been toying with for about five years. Cutliff says, “I was trying to capture how one character spirals into darkness and loses most of what is good in him. This could be said about both of these pieces. They both feature a descent into darkness.” The inspiration behind “An Ode To My Car” involved the literal breakdown of her car in the Walmart parking lot, and “Once a Wildcat, Always a Wildcat” was slightly autobiographical, describing herself as having been “obsessed with ‘High School Musical’ since it first came out in 2006.” Finally, the inspiration behind *9/13/19 (A Friday)* was the experience of sitting in a car and waiting to pick up her nieces and nephews from school on a day that was “surprisingly beautiful . . . for a day that is thought to be full of bad luck.” Cutliff says she wanted “to convey that not

everything is as it seems; bad luck days can actually be beautiful, and broken girls can really be whole, even if just for a moment.”

Davis, Colene *Lilly Life* (25); *Anger Management* (78); *Flutter Fly* (97)

Colene Davis, of Galesburg, is studying at Sandburg to become an RN but says that art has always been a part of her. “As long as I can remember,” Davis says, “I was creating things from feelings. I have been mostly interested in drawing, but ceramics has recently caught my eye.” Her work is based on how she feels, she explains. “Anger management was created during a difficult time in my life,” Davis says. “Lilly life just made me happy. Flutter fly was created because I love butterflies. Art is based on feeling, so I try to create what I feel.”

Duke, Ethan *Untitled* (Cover)

Ethan Duke, of Monmouth, is a student at Carl Sandburg working on completing his general ed classes. Duke hopes to eventually live in Chicago and pursue a career in the fashion industry. In terms of his art, he tends to gravitate towards modern, digital art, specifically 3D renders and models. For his painting *Untitled*, featured on the cover, he says he was “just sketching some faces for the class’s next assignment and [I] enjoyed the way they overlapped, so I used them for the project.”

Fox, Stephanie *Untitled* (22); *Untitled 2* (48)

Stephanie Fox, of Galesburg, is a student at Sandburg who hopes to pursue a career as an architect or an engineer. Fox says she has always loved art and that she is still figuring out what kind of art is her favorite. “At the moment,” Fox says, “I’ve been into painting and drawing.” Fox says that the artists she at Sandburg inspires her: “[B]eing in a classroom full of creativity is all the inspiration I need.”

Fuller, Raina *Navy Pier* (30); *Water* (46); *Neighborhood Cat* (46); *Plant* (42)

Rainer Fuller, of Galesburg, is a student at Sandburg hoping to complete her general education requirements before transferring. She hopes to have a successful photography business in the future. When it comes to photographers whose work she admires, she says that “Bryant” on Instagram is one of her biggest inspirations. Regarding some of her pieces in this year’s magazine, Fuller says “Navy Pier” was a photo she took when she was on a mission trip in Chicago, and “Neighborhood Cat” was the very first photo she every *really* took and that it started her passion for photography.

Gibbs, Noelle *Gunpowder burning in my heart* (69)

Gilbertson, Grace *One of Six* (33-34), *Reap Sow* (34), *Lackluster* (35); *Little Royal* (63); *A Clock’s View* (95); *Lisa 20/20* (102)

Grace Gilbertson, of Knoxville, is currently earning her Associates in Arts at Sandburg. She plans to transfer to Western Illinois University in the fall to major in Studio Arts, and possibly minor in English. She hopes to become a professor or to work in some form of art education for adults. She is also interested in learning more about working as an editor for a publishing house. Her favorite writer is Donna Tartt, but she is also fond of James Baldwin, Joe Hill, and Sylvia Plath. Of her work that appears in this issue of *Phizxogs*, Gilbertson says, “The art I submitted is mostly small studies from life or photographs, but *Little Royal* is one I spent a little more time on, as I enjoy doing detailed and neat charcoal portraits. My poems were a character study for me, to better

understand a handful of characters in a plot I've had ruminating in my brain a while. While I'm sure it's possible to enjoy the poems stand alone, they're intended to fit into a bigger picture I'm working on."

Glisan, Erin *Does "Women's Appreciation" Cross a Line?* (64-65)

Erin Glisan, of Monmouth, is a freshman at Sandburg and plans to pursue a career in nursing. She has been interested in the arts for as long as she can remember. "I started writing poems in grade school," Glisan says. "Writing and music are two of my main passions." Glisan says that slam poet Neil Hilborn inspires much of her writing, but she also enjoys academic writing as well.

Godsil, Dominic *Fever Dream* (38)

Phizxoxs student editor Dominic Godsil, of Monmouth, is studying English and the Arts at Carl Sandburg College. While some of his plans have changed in recent years, he still holds onto his main passion—being an artist. Godsil says, "Whether music, writing, or visual art, my goal is to fully expand my artistic skills and abilities!" Artists whose work he admires include Eric Lacombe, Zdzislaw Beksiński, Picasso, and Lisa Walker. Of his painting *Fever Dream*, which appears in this issue, Godsil says, "The piece is much less an actual thing as much as it is the journey or adventure I took during the course of creation. The colors and objects all represent how I was feeling at the time during the creation process. It was my first painting I made this semester and it is one of my favorites I've ever done."

Hinkle, Joshua *Self 2* (10), *Self 1* (11), *One Soul* (18); *Soldier Unknown* (37); *Shadow Tower* (68); *Transcendence* (75)

Joshua Hinkle is a student at Carl Sandburg and also works for the college. He is on a journey to earn my PhD in Social Psychology and a Masters in Art Therapy, and he plans on making a dent in the Veteran Suicide Epidemic. Hinkle says, "I haven't actually been interested in art all that long. I underwent several inpatient stays in VA Mental Health Facilities where I was exposed to the limited Art Therapy Programs that are available. It was like a light turned on and I've been 'Art-ing' ever since." Hinkle is a fan of many post-Impressionism artists, Edvard Munch, in particular. He says, "It is at the instruction of Nikki Pounce and Lisa Walker that my art and vision has really taken off." Hinkle says that if you look closely, all of his artwork has a "22" hidden somewhere within it. "It's a reminder," he says, "of how many veterans died each day it takes me to complete my education. All of my art has to do with pain and rebirth of some type or another. But an artist never gives away all their secrets."

Hoadley, Heather *Confusion* (17); *Thing* (61); *Fish* (104); *Tom Petty* (104)

Heather Hoadley, of Kewanee, is studying art at Carl Sandburg College and hopes to transfer to a four-year school to further her art education. Hoadley has been interested in art ever since she can remember. Her favorite art form is drawing using colored pencils or graphite. Some artists who inspire her would be Monet, Van Gogh, Andy Warhol, and Rembrandt. Hoadley says, "My inspiration for my ceramic Tom Petty mask would be Tom Petty himself and the wonderful songs he brought to the world. I never got a chance to see Tom Petty in person, only in two-dimensional photos or videos, so I thought I could bring him to life in three-dimensional form with a sculpture."

Joshua Hutchings *Emptiness* (81)

Joshua Hutchings, of Galesburg, is a dual credit, part-time student at Sandburg. He is studying the arts and hopes to graduate with an Associate in Arts, then finish his education at a four-year college and obtain a BFA in animation. Hutchings says, "I have only been interested in the arts for about a year and a half. I really enjoy creating drawings rather than paintings. I feel it represents me better." Of his drawing, *Emptiness*, featured in this year's magazine, Hutchings says, "I created this piece in class and my goal was to create a figure with as little detail as possible. I feel that my goal was reached and the result felt hollow and I really liked that. I feel like adding hollowness in my work can help show that the little details in life don't really matter."

Johnson, Jake *Moonless* (20); *Focal Point: Nostalgia/ A Slice of What One Could Call Life* (54-55); *Everything is Empty* (80)

Jacob Johnson, of Dahinda, is a student at Sandburg, focusing his study mostly on English. He hopes to be a published author. Some writers whose works he admires include Stephen King, Frank Herbert, and David Eddings.

Kness, Logan *Untitled* (24)

Lowry, Brandy *Wacky World* (29); *Boom* (87)

A Sandburg student who is studying in the RN program, Brandy Lowry, of Monmouth, says she has had a love for art her entire life. "As a teenager," she says, "I painted to deal with my anxieties, and as an adult I was a professional photographer. I've always enjoyed creating things and drawing as well." Lowry says she is inspired by taking in the art that is around her. Regarding her paintings "Boom" and "Wacky World" featured in this magazine, Lowry says, "I love color . . . bright, beautiful colors."

McDorman, Dakota *Carnival of Rust* (32); *Progress & Technology* (92)

Dakota McDorman, of Galesburg, is a student at Sandburg who plans to transfer to Knox and to be an art major. McDorman says, "I have always sort of been interested in art whether it be creating or looking at it. As time went on, that interest grew, and it wasn't until about half way through high school that I decided I wanted to have a career that involved art. Currently, I want to create art for video games." McDorman enjoys the works of Banksy, as well as lesser known artists such as Billelis. A lot of McDorman's inspiration comes from other enjoyments, such as music. "Carnival of Rust" is based off of the album cover of the album also titled "Carnival of Rust" from the band Poets of the Fall. "Progress and Technology" is a found object piece for which McDorman mainly used parts from different pieces of technology, saying, "I didn't have a title for a while, but one day I was listening to music, and the song 'Progress and Technology' from the band Steam Powered Giraffe came on. Then I thought 'This would be a great title for my piece!'"

McElhiney, Shamus *Everything is Absurd; and Nothing Is* (16); *Ideas on the Origin of Ideas; Reality vs. Reality* (51); *You Know What Really Grinds-My-Gears* (93)

McMullin, Vicki *Psychic Storms* (37); *Insecure and Self-Absorbed, or Diagnosable Narcissist* (60-61); *Meditation on Torrey Pines Beach* (66); *Push Delete* (72); *Unraveled, Severed* (84)

Vicki McMullin of North Henderson is a counselor at Carl Sandburg College. McMullin started writing poetry in high school but says she has written the majority of her ponderings in the past decade. She said she is inspired by anyone who creates beauty and

makes her smile — whether it be in a painting, a drawing, a sculpture, or a photo. She said she can also find inspiration in gardening, music, cooking, beading, storytelling, and poetry, adding “Creativity sheds a lot of light on a sometimes very dark world.” Her poems featured in this issue were not inspired by a particular artists or poet, she says, but, rather, are “more often born out of emotional pain—my own and others. Being a counselor over the past 30 years, I have heard a lot of heart-wrenching stories and I had to learn to do something with all of the emotion. Writing is what I found to help me process some of the thoughts and feelings that I have struggled to express.” She said it was actually one of her students, a prolific poet, who inspired her to step out of my comfort zone and submit a few of her own pieces to *Phizzogs* this spring. McMullins says that working at Sandburg over the past 23 years has been a great blessing: “I have had the opportunity to meet such wonderful students who have touched my heart and helped me grow—both personally and professionally. I am honored that students have trusted me with their stories. And I am forever amazed at the strength and courage some of them show in overcoming extremely challenging life circumstances. Some of Sandburg’s students are true warriors and it is those students to whom I dedicate this poetry. They are truly my inspiration.”

Napier, Nic *Dark Mine Shaft* (26); *A Telescope and a Light Trail* (50); *Our Galactic Home* (50); *Upside Down Woodpecker* (58); *Fireworks* (107)

Nic Napier of Galesburg is a student at Sandburg. He plans to transfer to a four-year university and has been interested in art since high school. The mediums he enjoys include Astrophotography, photography, ceramics, kinetic art, 3-D Design, and graphic art. Napier says he enjoys the works of Andy Warhol, Antoine & Dalia Grelin, Trevor Jones, Dylan O’Donnell, and Richard Tatti. Most of the inspiration for his own work, he says, “comes from finding limits of things. I enjoy changing people’s perspectives and showing them things and ideas that they didn’t know existed.”

Natof, Cody A. *A Letter for Optimism and Change* (52)

Sandburg student Cody Natof says his inspiration is “a wandering mind on the bus ride to the college.” Natof came up with the idea for his poem from watching all the positive news stories shown on the last ten minutes, “then flipping to the last scene of *Bruce Almighty*, where they talk about ARK (an Act of Random Kindness). I had just watched the new *Lion King* film, so it all kind of just mashed together.” The part of his poem “about running away from your problems came from the scenes where Elsa has cutoff herself and Simba runs away to the jungle.”

Nichols, Jennie *Untitled* (65); *Untitled 2* (90); *Untitled 3* (90)

Jennie Nichols, of Galesburg, is a student at Sandburg who plans to pursue a master’s degree in art and hopes to become a college art professor. She has been interested in art for as long as she can remember. “However, I turned my life fully towards the pursuit of art at around the age of 11,” she says, “and I have never stopped building my art skills or my passion for the craft.” About her piece featured in this year’s magazine, Nichols says, “Each hand thrown piece I work on is a stepping stone towards improving the next piece. This was one of my great successes in glazing and although there was no inspiration that drove me to make this it has since inspired my attempts at mixing glazes.”

Pantoja, Brisa *Remember* (96)

Patrick, Tawny *Baby* (36); *2-point perspective* (90)

Sandburg student Tawny Patrick of Galesburg is studying art and hopes to become an art teacher for elementary students. Patrick says, "I have loved art for as long as I can remember. I enjoy learning and trying new media and styles of art but my favorite has remained drawing!" A few of her favorite artists are Andy Warhol and Vincent Van Gogh.

Abigail Peterson *Journey* (94)

Pleshko, Kaitlyn *If I Were Young Again* (12); *Dark Flower Red Flower* (23); *Haunting Effete* (47); *Ask Again Another Day* (57); *Something Demonic* (74-75); *Golden Fields of Dying Wheat* (82-83); *If I Live Forever* (107)

Sandburg student Kaitlyn Pleshko was born in Chicago and currently lives in Galesburg. She is studying English at Sandburg, specifically creative writing, and hopes to someday use her education to become a published author. Pleshko says her poetry is an exploration of how she is feeling at any given time, "a window into what my mind was once upon a time and what it can be again."

Robbins, Grace *Genderless* (8-9), *Flowers* (25); *My Brain Hates Me* (58); *Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder* (70-71); *The Last Fifteen* (88); *The Ugly Beast* (97)

Sandburg student Grace Robbins lives in Victoria and is pursuing their master's in music and in theatre education. Robbins has always had a love for words but said they, "just never had the motivation to write until I took Creative Writing here at Sandburg."

Robbins writes poetry but also has a novel in the works. "Someone that inspires me," Robbins said, "is the lyricist Dave Malloy. He has written so many fantastic musicals all in a short period. He never stops, and for that reason, I admire him."

Siebken, Kaitlyn *A Witch* (15); *Shadows* (27-28); *Immunity* (41-44); *The First* (76-79)

Kaitlyn Siebken is a lifelong resident of Galesburg. She currently attends Carl Sandburg College and is focusing on earning an Associates in Arts. She plans to pursue a career in writing and to one day be a published author. Some of the writers that she enjoys reading are Kelley Armstrong, Jim Butcher, and Marissa Meyer. The inspiration for her own writing is broad and varied. "A Witch" was thought up while in a history class. "Immunity" while reading an article. "Inspiration," Siebken says, "can truly come from anywhere."

Simonson, Nicholas *3-D Printer Art* (106)

Sandburg student Nick Simonson, of Galesburg, is studying to be a CNC operator. His plans are to take his growing 3D printing business, Nexco3D, "to a new level." He says, "Nexco3D and all of the 3D art/entities started as a dream of mine 3 to 4 years ago. I saw a 3D-printed object in the library when I was studying business at Carl Sandburg, and I fell in love with the idea ever since." Simonson says he now has a "myriad" of machines that he has learned how to fix, build, and maintain. He says, "I love to fill my time solving problems, fixing things, working with my tools and hands, and making myself the best individual that I can possibly be. Through guile, rhetoric, and the pursuit of passions that exceed the bounds of joy this world has given us, I have molded myself into something I could have never imagined."

Smith, Julia *It's Me* (7); *The Light and the Darkness* (21)

Julia Monet Smith grew up and lives in Galesburg. She hopes to finish her AA (Art Associates) at Sandburg this fall then transfer to Monmouth College for graphic design. Some of her favorite artists are Claude Monet, Francisco Goya, and Mark Demstader. "It's Me" was a drawing of herself she made her for Life Drawing class. "The Light and The Darkness" was a practice painting that she kept redoing until she was satisfied with it. Smith said, "I really wanted to explore the avenue of painting a landscape because I usually drawing people."

Suarez, José Luis *Lost in Translation* (19)

José Luis Suarez, of Monmouth, studied at Sandburg during Fall 2019 and is now a student at Illinois Central College. Suarez says, "I wouldn't say I like to write, but I like to jot down poetic lines that come to mind." About his poem "Lost in Translation," Suarez says, "I grew up bilingual, and I've always notice how there are words in Spanish that don't have a direct translation into English. Therefore, I sometimes find myself lost for words when expressing myself in the English, and the meaning of what you are trying to say can be lost in translation."

Walker, Lisa *North of 60* (99-103); *There is No Treatment* (99); *North Star* (100); *Dancing Naked at the Terminus of the Kaskawulsh Glacier* (103)

Professor Lisa Walker, of Galesburg, has taught art at Carl Sandburg College since 2001. She is the Art Program Coordinator and also the Gallery Director. Walker, who has been to 49 states and 9 countries, and who has lived in 9 states and one other country, says she settled in Galesburg because it is her ancestral home. At Sandburg, Walker teaches Art studio classes, as well as Art History and Art Appreciation. Some of her favorite artists are Joseph Beuys, Anselm Keifer, Hans Hoffman, Van Gogh, Frieda Kahlo and Jim Dine. Of her paintings featured in this year's magazine, Walker says, "The paintings, are—like most art—autobiographical. Or as I prefer to call it, 'personal mythology.' We all have one." Her essay "North of 60" refers to "the area north of 60 degrees latitude. It is nonfiction, and, like my paintings, autobiographical. My heart has always been in the wilderness of the far north."

Wiegand, Maggie *19* (49); *Home* (91)

Williams, Keith *Mackinac Island Door* (40); *Early Harbor Lighthouse* (67); *Ryan's Round Barn Interior* (83); *Grand Haven Sunset Pier 66* (89)

Retiring Sandburg professor Keith Williams, of Galesburg, became interested in photography while in high school and has enjoyed it as a hobby since then. His favorite photos to create are of landscapes and nature. Some photographers whose work inspires him are Ansel Adams, Joel Sartore, Scott Kelby, and Rich Ankeney. About the photos featured in this issue, Williams says,

"'Eagle Harbor Lighthouse,' 'Mackinac Island Door,' and 'Grand Haven Pier Sunset 6'" were all from a Lake Michigan Circle Tour that I made last summer. The beauty of the lake and its surrounding shoreline provided the inspiration.

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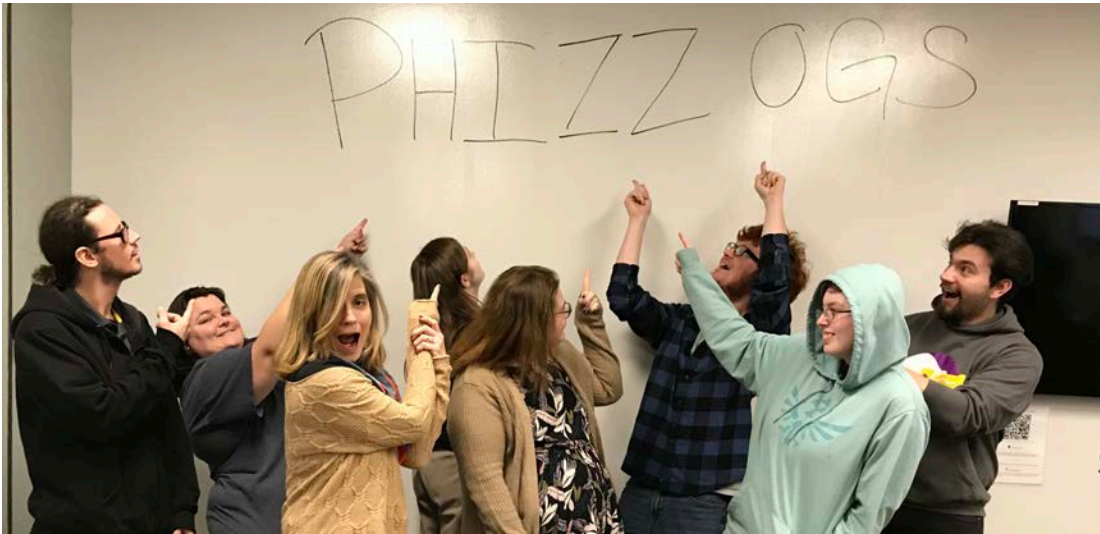
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Associate Dean of Humanities and Fine Arts

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Phizzogs 2020

